

The Messenger

Dr A H Strickler
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"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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Poetry.

JESUS' PRESENCE SOUGHT.

S. R. F.

Dear Jesus, Saviour of mankind,
My heart's supreme delight art Thou!
In Thee alone, my all I find,
As in the past, so also now.

Thyself unto my soul reveal,
As Thou dost not unto the world.
That Thou art near, may I e'er feel,
As I'm along life's pathway hurled.

Without Thy blessing I am naught;
My goodness can't extend to Thee.
If with Thy fulness I am fraught,
Most happy I shall ever be.

Unto my heart, dear Jesus, come!
Thy bliss abode with me take up.
Here may I find a fitting home,
And e'er delight with me to sup.

Thus full my joy on earth shall be,
Whilst I a pilgrim here remain;
But still more full shall be with Thee,
When I at last to Heaven attain.

Newton, N. C., March 11, 1880.

Theology and Criticism.

For The Messenger.

"BIBLICAL STUDIES."

The suggestions of "A Layman" in the MESSENGER of March 17th, merit attention. It is judicious that the trustworthy results of the best Biblical criticism should be given to the lay membership in a popular style. Within certain limits this may be done; but in the nature of the case it cannot be done in a manner fully intelligible to a layman who has not enjoyed the advantage of a liberal education. To estimate an accepted theory properly, presupposes a knowledge of the language in which Holy Scripture is written, and also the ability to follow with discriminating judgment the processes of reflection by which the theory is justified. Results may be given merely as results; but the grounds which to scholars seem to justify them would not be thoroughly understood.

But it must be borne in mind that the best results of bold Biblical criticism are to be approached with caution, especially the theories with reference to the Pentateuch, that are now pressing into the foreground. They merit great respect, but they have not yet been thoroughly tested. The so-called documentary theory of Genesis, for example, is now predominant among Biblical scholars; but it is still crude. It will require more thorough examination and much modification before a considerate minister should present it to the people as a historical truth. Faithful study continued through another quarter of a century, will doubtless produce important changes of opinion in regard to it.

To make modern theories of Genesis and of other books of the Old Testament, theories not yet thoroughly tested and matured, and on which the most competent Biblical scholars are themselves not agreed, the basis of direct instruction for the people is, to say the least, a matter of questionable propriety; especially when such instruction is given under the aspect of human criticism rather than from the standpoint of positive Chris-

tian faith. The effect is to excite doubts, not to confirm confidence in the divine authority of the Old Testament; and if we tamper with the confidence of the people in the Old Testament we cannot but suggest sceptical questionings respecting the divine authority of all Holy Scripture, the New Testament no less than the Old. Much of the Biblical literature now gaining wide circulation is educating men to ask critical questions, not to repose with child-like trust in Scripture as the undoubted Word of God.

The most important work on this subject is the Bible, the most important both for learned scholars and ordinary laymen. Outside helps are very valuable. To estimate them lightly is unworthy of a Christian. But no helps are comparable with the words of Holy Scripture. For the scholar the original Hebrew and Greek are worth more than all human books. For the English reader the best work from which he can gain the most satisfying knowledge is the English text of Scripture. A good Bible dictionary and a good popular commentary will help him greatly; but a commentary and a dictionary are good in the degree in which the information communicated by them is governed by unquestioning faith in the infinite superiority of Scripture to all incidental occasions or sources of knowledge. It is often said that the researches among the ruins of Mesopotamia and the discoveries in the geography of the Holy Land are shedding much light on the Bible. The propriety of these researches and the scientific value of their results we do not for a moment question. But their value is only incidental; and men are prone to overestimate it. The human and earthly, whether ancient or modern, whether in history or geography, properly speaking, sheds no light on the Word of God. The external structure and the external connection of Scripture may indeed thereby become more intelligible. But the natural can not illumine the spiritual; the earthly is not a door opening into the heavenly. It is more correct to say that the Word of God sheds light on geography and history. These discoveries can be rightly estimated under the direction and guidance of the Sun of Righteousness. Hence when commentaries and dictionaries, guided by the natural and earthly, attempt to explain Scripture, they suppress its true spiritual meaning, and instead of advancing the knowledge of revelation they retard or pervert it.

Those laymen who devote tenfold more time to the patient and prayerful study of Scripture than they do to the reading of outside helps will make much better progress in faith and sound knowledge, than those who study the best helps more than Scripture. The same rule is applicable to ministers and scholars. The most thorough Biblical scholarship is cultivated by studying chiefly the sacred text. Less time should be given to the theories of Biblical criticism and more to those wonderful human words in which God Himself addresses our hearts.

Our *Quarterly Review* is giving a fair proportion of space to Biblical studies. Perhaps in time past it may in this respect have been wanting. We thank "A Layman" for his strictures, whether wholly warranted or not. The matter deserves the consideration of the contributors. A number of articles have appeared touching different aspects of the Bible. In this regard there will be no change. We suggest that one or more writers prepare articles adapted to the felt want to which "A Layman" has given expression. Conceived and developed, not from the natural but from the Scriptural viewpoint, such articles might meet many perplexing inquiries, and confirm the confidence of believers in the divine origin and the divine character of the Old and New Testament.

I HAVE heard that in the desert, when the caravans are in want of water, they are accustomed to send on a camel with its rider some distance in advance; then, after a little space, follows another; and then at a short interval another. As soon as the first man finds water, almost before he stoops down to drink, he shouts aloud, "Come!" The next one, hearing his voice, repeats the word "Come!" while the nearest again takes up the cry, "Come!" until the whole wilderness echoes with the word "Come!" So in that verse, the Spirit and the Bride say, first of all, "Come!" and then let him that heareth say, "Come!" and whosoever is athirst let him come, and take of the water of life freely.—*Spurgeon*.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

PLAIN TALK TO PLAIN PEOPLE.

Some of our country pastors, whose charges are made up of four, six, or more congregations, with a confirmed membership of a thousand or more, are trying earnestly to make their people more liberal. They urge them to give, but they make the sad complaint that all this urging does but little good. No one needs to be surprised at this unfavorable result, since a people, who will be satisfied with a pastoral arrangement so entirely out of date, may hardly be expected to move very rapidly in the enlargement of their ideas of benevolence. Such a people cannot be moved, to generous public beneficent enterprise, by simply pleading from the pulpit every now and then; and no pastor, with an ordinary amount of practical business ideas, will expect to succeed in that way.

This brings the question of division and a thorough reorganization of pastoral charges squarely before us, as a matter of primary importance. And however great and numerous the difficulties may be which stand in the way of such a measure, it will have to be taken with a prompt energy if we have any intention of bringing out and developing the abundant resources of our people. Ah, yes; but the people will not move—such is generally the reply when this matter of division is brought up. To this the answer may be emphatically made—The people will move if those who ought to be their leaders will direct them properly. If the pastors in any given district are a unit on this question, they can very soon have matters their own way. And they will not need to drive much neither, since the intelligence of the laity will very readily comprehend that the movement is for their own benefit, as well as for the benefit and greater glory of the pastors. To take the ground that our people will not move, and that matters must therefore be allowed to remain as they are, is to be so egregiously complimentary to them that no pastor, it seems to me, who has a reasonable share of native pride and self-respect in his make up, will allow himself to adopt any such contemptible idea about the character of his near relations.

Many of our large and overgrown charges have all the resources to divide into two, or three, parts, and to be all the more prosperous for it. There are not a few congregations, which have a confirmed membership of from three to five hundred each, and the unconfirmed membership in many instances is not much less. These people live in rich, broad, fertile valleys, and they are not slow to make the soil yield abundantly in return for their labors. Besides they are largely endowed with brain power and generous impulses, and are just now about starting out fairly in the movements of a liberal culture. If they be properly organized and brought under the leadership of cultivated, liberal-minded, spirited, energetic, pastors, who will have them within convenient reach to secure their full cooperation in all practical work and training, these people may be lifted to a height of intelligence and benevolent energy, in the space of a few years, that will prove once more to the world that Germanic energy is a mighty power when once it is under proper control. Any one can readily see that this is not a personal or local matter, and that he who undertakes to deal with it at all must not necessarily strike at individuals, or at specific sections of our Church. It involves a vast deal more. It comes home with more or less force to us all. Individuals and localities need its specific promptings only in so far, as these fail to come up to the plain necessities of the hour; still there is not a great deal of room for casting of stones at such as have sinned above all others, and who have also been taken in the very act. The whole body needs not a little bracing, to lift it to the dignity of a first-class power.

Our pastors may be, and no doubt are often, to blame for the tardy movements of our affairs; but to tax them with all the responsibility in the case, would not only be doing them gross injustice, but it would betray profound ignorance of the root and fountal source of our troubles, as well as a want of familiarity with our business history. Pastoral charges are but one element in our ec-

clesiastical economy, although a primary and very vital one. Our Classes; our Synods; our Boards; our Church papers; our Colleges; our Seminaries; and so on to the end of the list; all have their share in the economy of the household. If the higher powers had always been in proper vigor and administrative force, the lower and primary powers would likely have risen to a satisfactory level long ere this. All social order may work from the higher downward to the lower, as well as from the lower upward to the higher; and such may be the case where all is as free as the air. Presbyterian government, with its representative legislative authority and executive power, ought therefore to be equal to all such practical demands certainly, since it boasts of the double forces of social freedom and organized authority. But look now and see whether our general government and administration of affairs has not been as far short of the ideal of successful management, as has been pastoral and parental training in the nurseries below.

Now this is not written and spread out before the world for the purpose of bitter rebuke, or to gratify the mean spirit of chronic grumblers and fault-finders. If any person would undertake this kind of work in that sort of a temper, he would simply prove himself unfit for the task and convince every fair-minded critic that he himself had yet to learn the first principles of rational reform. Errors and mistakes are here pointed out only that they may be seen and avoided; and he who has undertaken to expose them, is free to confess that, while he talks of errors and sins abroad, he does not forget to examine carefully his own private records. Brethren in the Reformed Church, let us rise to the high and broad level of the general good, while our small selves appear but dimly in the mighty shadows of the great issues which confront us now and in the near future. Doing this, if there are any whose attention has been unduly attracted to our faults and follies, they will soon discover that we are their fellow-mortals, and are struggling with them, with manly energy and will, towards that ideal of perfection which is set before us in the person and history of Jesus Christ our Lord.

I. E. G.

For the Messenger.

ALONG THE CLYDE.

Almost every day of the season the magnificent steamer "Columbia" makes an excursion from Glasgow to Ardrishaig, returning the same day. We had been assured that by taking this steamer at Greenock, we might see the most interesting part of the Scotch highlands, without occupying the time which we had set apart for other purposes. Unfortunately, the "Columbia" got to Greenock a few minutes ahead of us; and just as we entered the dock she sailed grandly away. Our disappointment was, however, lessened by the fact that the excursion would hardly have been a pleasant one, on account of the great number of excursionists. It was the annual Fair Day at Glasgow, which is universally observed as a holiday; and the steamer was crowded with "lads and lassies" who were bent on having a day's pleasure. There were a few bare-kneed highlanders on board, dressed in kilt and tartan; but the majority were evidently Glasgow people, showing only by their fondness for bright colors that they belonged to the lower orders. As the "Columbia" passed us, the pipers on board played, "My heart's in the highlands;" and afterwards gaily struck up: "The Campbells are coming."

On inquiring at the railway station we were informed that there would be no train for Glasgow for several hours. On such occasions the "cloak-room" is an excellent institution. By paying a penny you can leave an article of baggage—or several, if they are tied together—to be kept until called for. There are similar arrangements on several American railroads; but here the charge for leaving an article is generally at least ten cents.

A ship-builder, or a dealer in Scotch herrings, would probably find Greenock intensely interesting, but it has little to recommend it to the ordinary tourist. A part of the town stands on low ground near the river; the rest is perched on the side of an abrupt hill. The houses are generally built of dark stone, and have a peculiarly gloomy appearance. A small company of "red coats," on an excursion from Glasgow, were marching

through the narrow streets, accompanied by plenty of music, reminding us of the celebrated Scotch company which consisted of

"Five and twenty men,
And five and thirty pipers."

The people of Greenock are, of course, proud of their town and country, and very sensitive to criticism. It was at this place, it is said, that a splenetic Englishman once remarked to a Scottish countryman, that no man of taste would think of remaining any time in such a country as Scotland. To which the canny Scot replied: "Tastes differ. I've tak ye to a battle-field no far frae here, ca'd Bannockburn, whaur thretty thousand of your countrymen ha' been for five hunder years, and they've nae thoct o' leavin' yet."

We returned in good time to the station, where we found the train awaiting us. To an American a European railway train appears exceedingly curious. Our locomotive—which was built by Dubs & Co., of Glasgow—was low and long. It was without a "cow-catcher," and there was no roof to protect the engineer and fireman. The sound of the whistle was feeble, and it seemed to have a nasal twang. But for all that it knew how to run. When it got fairly started it almost seemed to fly; and we could not help thinking of the Yankee who was afraid that "if it kept on long that way it would run clean off the mean little island."

The cars—which are called "carriages"—are almost everywhere in Europe divided into a number of compartments, resembling old-fashioned stage-coaches. The doors, which are at the sides, as in an ordinary carriage, are carefully looked before the train starts, to be opened only at the stations. In each compartment there are but two rows of seats, and the passengers sit facing each other. The guard, or conductor, gets from one carriage to another by walking along a shelf on the outside; and occasionally puts his head in at the door to examine your tickets.

Railway carriages are of three classes—first, second, and third. In some European countries there is even a fourth class, which appears to be little better than our "cattle cars." First-class traveling is supposed to be most comfortable, and is certainly most expensive. The seats are upholstered like high-backed arm-chairs; and, that the illusion may be complete, you are even permitted to rest your head against a "tidy,"—an article which, whether at home or abroad, is regarded by most men as an unmitigated nuisance. Second-class cars are nearly as comfortable as first class, and there are even some travelers who prefer them. The seats are well cushioned, and as they are not separated, the traveler—when he is alone, as is sometimes the case—may lie down and take a siesta. Cars of the third class are not cushioned; but are kept clean, and are patronized by many respectable people. Fares vary according to class, first-class costing about twice as much as third-class.

Tourists generally travel second-class, unless they are blessed with an abundance of money. Many of our countrymen appear to belong to the latter class; so that on the continent it is generally said, that "Princes, fools, and Americans, travel first-class." We frequently bought third-class tickets; and besides enjoying superior advantages in studying the habits of the people, had the satisfaction of materially decreasing our expenses.

Altogether we very much prefer traveling on American railroads; but Europeans have prejudices in favor of their own system which are not easily overcome. "Englishmen," said an Oxford student, "do not like crowds; and it is very pleasant to travel with a number of your friends and occupy a whole compartment."

From Greenock to Glasgow we traveled first-class, as our steamer tickets included that privilege. On the way we had an excellent view of Dumbarton castle, which has been a stronghold for more than a thousand years, and is celebrated in Scottish history and romance. It is one of the four fortresses which, according to the terms of the union between England and Scotland, must always be kept in repair. Of course, it is utterly useless now; and the garrison consists of about a dozen crippled or superannuated soldiers. It would not be hard to capture Dumbarton, if any body wanted it.

At Paisley we had a glimpse of the great factories of J. & P. Coats, where they turn out thirty-five tons of spool cotton every day. It is an enterprising town, and sends the products of its industry to the most distant regions.

We have since regretted that we did not remain longer in Glasgow. It is, as is well known, the third city in Great Britain; and its ancient cathedral is said to be well worth a visit. But we had learned that the gentlemen to whom we had letters of introduction were absent from the city; and as we happened to meet with several of our shipmates who were going on directly to Edinburgh, we joined their company and hurried away. As it is we have a somewhat confused recollection of crowded streets and imposing buildings; but cannot venture to describe the commercial metropolis of Scotland.

J. H. D.

Family Reading.

THE LORD IS RISEN.

BY MRS. H. W. CHADBOURNE.

He is risen! Christ our Lord!
Son of Man and Son of God!
Throned on high, exalted now,
Glory resting on His brow.
Yet for us He careth still;
"Peace on earth, to men good-will,"
Angel voices yet proclaim,
Though we may not hear the strain.

He is risen! Christ our King!
Seraph bands their offerings bring;
Saints, with wonder and delight,
Chant His praises day and night.
Yet, amid the holy throng,
He will listen to our song,
And He heareth us always,
Though in feebleness we pray.

He is risen! Christ our Life,
Victor in the mortal strife,
Broke the tyrant's mighty chain,
Rose o'er sin and death and pain!
Rose to set His people free
With eternal liberty.
Now, for us, the vale before
Is a shadow—nothing more!

He is risen! Christ our Way!
Risen to the realms of day.
Wide for us the portals stand,
Opened by His loving hands.
Golden footprints now we see,
Marking where our steps should be,
By the pathway He hath trod
Now He leadeth us to God.

He is risen! Christ our All!
Looking up, to Him we call:
"Thou, our Life, the Truth, the Way,
Be our Helper day by day!
Guard and guide and keep us still;
Teach us here to do Thy will,
Till we there, among the blest,
Enter Thine eternal rest."
—New York Observer.

UP TWO FLIGHTS OF STAIRS.

BY PAUL COBDEN.

With both elbows on the table and running both hands nervously up and down through his hair, there sat Mr. John Claverhouse.

Suddenly there was a gentle tap at his office-door; but Mr. John Claverhouse did not hear it. How could he? He was buried in himself, trying to solve a problem, while he twiddled his hair, as if to straighten out the thoughts that thronged his brain.

"He's in there. I know he is," said a little, funny-looking old woman. "And I'm going to make him answer this knock." With this, she applied her knuckles vigorously to the door, and in an instant came the response:

"Oh! Oh! Whoever you are, do come in; and don't stand there, battering my door down!"

Aunt Prilly (for it was no other than the woman known all over town as Aunt Prilly) walked in. Mr. Claverhouse asked her to be seated, and even pushed a chair toward her; but Aunt Prilly, who had the keenest pair of little brown eyes in her head that ever a woman had, perceived at once that Mr. John Claverhouse was not in his best mood, which was very unfortunate, she thought, for she had come on a begging errand; "and a begging errand," she said to herself, "stands no chance at all when a man isn't in his best mood." Down she dropped into the offered chair—a little, weird old woman; so very small that people sometimes said there couldn't be a smaller woman. But she had a heart large enough for two such women, and in all kinds of weather she was out on some errand for the poor.

"This is what I call an easy-chair, Mr. John," she said, as she leaned back, with a smile. But she searched his face in vain for a responsive look. "A beautiful day, Mr. John," she added. "The sun has been shining the whole blessed time. Hasn't gone under a cloud for a minute."

"Sun! Sun been shining?" answered Mr. John Claverhouse, making an effort to be pleasant, while he could not conceal that he was very much out of humor. "Who knew that the sun had been shining? A poor fellow like me can't see the sun in such days as these. Banks breaking! Stock companies going up so high you can't see 'em! All kinds of investments coming to nothing! I tell you what it is, Aunt Prilly, if things go on much longer as they have lately, the door of the almshouse will open some day, and Mr. John Claverhouse will walk in."

"Thank you, Mr. John, for letting me know that my time for getting hold of some of that money of yours is short," replied Aunt Prilly, shaking her funny little head and twinking her funny little brown eyes. "I'm glad I happened in this afternoon, to catch it while it's flying. I want all I can get of it for my poor people in Water Street. How much would you like to give me, Mr. John?"

"My good woman!" exclaimed Mr.

John, in a short, twitching voice, "don't ask me for anything now. Never did see such times. The bottom is falling out of everything. You don't know how much money I've lost lately. Why, if there isn't a turn in my affairs pretty soon, I'm a ruined man. I'm sorry, Aunt Prilly; but I haven't a cent for you to-day. Not a cent."

"Ah! now, Mr. John," said Aunt Prilly, lowering her voice to a very tender tone, "I want you to lay up treasure in Heaven; and you can't do it if you turn your back on the Lord's poor. They are His poor, Mr. John—His poor; and I want you to help them along in this world, so that when the Lord of the poor comes in the clouds of Heaven He will say to you: 'My beloved John, inasmuch as you did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, you did it unto Me.' And it will be a happy day for you, Mr. John, when the Lord blesses you for blessing His poor. You used to be a generous little fellow," continued Aunt Prilly. "I remember exactly how you looked, running round the streets, giving away everything you had to any poor body that needed it. But when you grew up you made money. Ah! Mr. John, you made money; and money don't always open the heart wide, the Lord knows."

Mr. John Claverhouse was a money-grinder, and the world said truly when it said that he was "a hard-fisted man." But the tender voice of a tender woman was always a little disturbing to him, and Aunt Prilly's voice was specially tender that bright, sunny spring afternoon.

"What a bother these women are, sometimes," he thought to himself. "They do so stir up a man."

But, determined to shake off Aunt Prilly for that time, if never again, he came down severely upon what he called her "pets."

"You make too much of these people, Aunt Prilly," he said. "You pet and coddle them, and teach them to live on charity, when they ought to do more to help themselves. You know, as well as I do, that they are a miserable crew. Water Street is the worst street in town. You can't find any worthy poor there; but you spend on them all the money you can get."

"If you won't give me any money," answered Aunt Prilly, quietly, "will you do something else for me, Mr. John?"

"Yes, yes; anything to please you. Anything but money. What is it?"

"Will you go out to-night, in the moonlight (you have no wife nor children to keep you at home), and go through Water street, and up two flights of stairs, where the poorest of the poor live, and—"

"Yes, yes. I will," interrupted Mr. John. "I like to air my brain at night, after working it all day over my money troubles. And I'll take a run up the two flights of stairs. And I'll do something more for you, Aunt Prilly," added Mr. John Claverhouse, now actually smiling and trying to make himself agreeable. "If I find a saint, one genuine saint, such as you talk about, up those two flights of stairs, I'll pull your bell before I go to sleep and empty my wallet into your lap. As sure as my name is John Claverhouse, I will."

"Give me your hand 'on that," exclaimed Aunt Prilly, rising from her chair and stepping up to Mr. John.

Mr. Claverhouse extended his hand, but with a knowing smile, as he said:

"You needn't talk to me about your worthy poor in Water Street. Not a saint will I find there."

"Well, good-bye for to-day, Mr. John. I'll leave it with you to decide whether there's a saint in Water Street or not."

Aunt Prilly was gone; and Mr. John Claverhouse was left alone, to meditate on the uncertainty of riches and to deplore the fact that they take wings and fly away. His riches had not yet flown away; but their wings seemed spread, just ready for flight, and Mr. John Claverhouse was a very anxious man.

But evening found him hurrying along in the direction of Water Street; and as he turned into the street the dim lights shone out here and there into the gutters, and all the air seemed foul, not only with bad odors, but with oaths and curses.

"There's nothing that looks as if there were a saint anywhere around here," thought Mr. Claverhouse; "but I'll keep my word, and take a run up two flights of stairs. There's no knowing, though, what I'll get into. Bad place this! Bad place! What! what! Music in here, as sure as I'm alive."

As he said this, John Claverhouse was standing by the first door, at the top of the second flight of stairs, with his hand bent ready to knock. But he did not knock. He stopped, and held his breath to listen to the music inside.

"There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet as Jesus."

"A saint up here, I'm afraid! A

saint at the top of this shaky, wretched staircase!" said John Claverhouse to himself. Again there came to his ears:

"There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet as Jesus."

"I must go in! I must go in!" he said, nervously.

He tapped; and, hearing a faint, soft answer, "Come," he walked in.

A face, bearing the marks of severe suffering, and yet serene, looked smilingly up at him from a poor old bedstead—as poor and old as the rest of the scanty furniture.

"How do you do, ma'am?" he asked, rather abruptly, for he was not used to visiting the poor.

"More comfortable than usual, sir. Thank you, kind stranger, for coming in to see me. I am alone nearly all of the time. Poverty, you know, attracts few friends. Please take a chair near the fire. A very poor fire it is for so raw and chilly an evening; but it is a fire."

For the first time in his life John Claverhouse felt embarrassed in the presence of poverty.

"Why, she's a lady; and I'm afraid she's a saint!" he said to himself, as he drew a chair to her bedside and sat down.

"Do tell me, ma'am, how you came here?" he said.

"Well, sir, I suppose I must say that poverty brought me here," replied the woman; "but, as I am a King's child, I dislike very much to talk about poverty."

"What! What! You a King's child, and yet living in Water Street, up two flights of stairs and with such miserable people around you?"

"Yes, sir," answered the invalid with a smile. "I am a King's child. The King of Heaven is my Father, and, you know, 'He giveth His angels charge concerning us'; and, with angels ever around me, I am always in pleasant company. I know I am what the world calls very poor; but, really, I cannot make myself feel that I am very poor, for every day my Father, the King, says to me 'All things are yours,' and I tell Him every day that He sees just how it is with me. And oh! sir, I get such sweet answers. He says that He will never leave nor forsake me, and He tells me to 'consider the lilies how they grow.' He takes all the care of me, sir, and I don't borrow any trouble. Even in this world He is going to 'do more abundantly than I can ask or think,' and up yonder there's a mansion waiting for me. I often look out of my window and up into the sky, on a beautiful night like this, and say to myself: 'It's up there! It's up there!'"

"How can you knit stockings, ma'am, with those poor fingers of yours, so bent with the rheumatism?" asked Mr. Claverhouse, as he noticed a little stocking on needlessly by her pillow.

"Oh! I am knitting a pair of stockings for a sick child on the next floor—a crying baby, whose little feet are always bare. I saved the money from two dollars that were given me and bought a little yarn. I ought to do something for the poor, you know, when so much is done for me."

John Claverhouse moved restlessly in his chair and left suddenly, after promising to call again.

Not many minutes later, Aunt Prilly's bell was pulled violently.

"It's John Claverhouse," she said to herself; and just then he came in, with his wallet in his hand.

"Take it! take it!" he said, as he opened the wallet and dropped fifty dollars into Aunt Prilly's lap.

"I found a saint," he added, "and if she lives a week longer at the head of that rickety staircase my name isn't John Claverhouse."

One day, before the week was gone, the "King's child," as she lay on her bed, considering the lilies, heard footsteps on the rickety staircase—not the footsteps of angels, come to take her to her "mansion up-yonder"; but the footsteps of Aunt Prilly and a strong man, sent by Mr. Claverhouse, to take her to a new, bright home he had prepared for her.

And, as they laid her on the bed in her fresh little house, her eyes were at once attracted to the walls; and there in beautifully illuminated letters, set in a frame and hung up as a picture, she read:

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

On the other side of the room, in as brightly illuminated letters and in a match frame, were the words:

"Consider the lilies."

The next day Aunt Prilly met Mr. Claverhouse; and, laying her hands on his head, as if she was blessing him in the name of the Lord, she said, in her tenderest tones:

"Ah! John Claverhouse, you found your 'saint,' and now listen to the words of the Master: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'"

—Independent.

Grace gives freely, or not at all.

"ONLY THE CHISELING."

A Christian mother lay dying. Beside her a loving daughter stood, smoothing from her damp brow the matted hair. Prolonged suffering had made deep lines on the once beautiful face; but still there rested upon those features a calm, peaceful expression, which gave a hope in Jesus could give. Tears fell upon the pallid face from eyes that were closely watching the "changing of the countenance." Conscious of the agony that caused them to fall, the mother, looking heavenward, whispered, "Patience, darling, it is only the chiseling." Reader, the Master Sculptor "seeth not as man seeth." There are many deformities that must needs be chiseled off, before thou canst find a place in the gallery on high.—Presbyterian.

"HE IS NOT THERE, FOR HE IS RISEN."

There was, for me, in all the world one grave,
And in that dear and silent spot there lay
All I had fondly loved and called my own,
And life seemed now a dark and lonesome way.

I made that quiet grave a sacred shrine,
I bent my footsteps thither hour by hour,
I gathered blossoms pure to make it fair,
And with my tears I watered every flower.

So as the days went on, that grassy mound
A very bower of fragrant beauty seemed;
Color, and grace, and perfume all were there,
And there all day I lingered and I dreamed.

Untended and uncultured were my home flowers;
My poor, whom I, of old, had clothed and fed,
Went cold and hungry, but their wistful eyes
Haunted me not, sitting beside my dead.

"Surely 'tis good here to remain," I said:
"There is no spot so safe, so free from sin;
Here comes no whisper from the world's loud tones,
No echo of its tumult and its din."

"Why then do I not find my master here?
Where is my Lord? Why comes He not to me?
With mourners once He wept beside a grave
And comforted by Him I fain would be."

"O Jesus, Saviour, do I love Thee not?
I seek Thee here from weary day to day,
What shrine more fit for Thee to bless, my Lord?
And at what holier altar could I pray?"

It was an Easter-morn. Fair rose the sun,
And waked the world to beauty and to light;
But, as I knelt beside my grave, within
My hungry, longing soul, it still was night.

"Where is my Lord? Where is my Christ?" I moaned,
When suddenly there fell upon my ear
A faint, sweet sound, like distant angel-tones,
Which every moment seemed to draw more near.

The children, chanting loud their Easter-hymn!
Outrang the clear, glad sound, "He is not here!"
Once and again, and yet again it came,
"He is not here! Our Christ, He is not here!"

"Not here! Then I can never find my Lord;
Where have they laid Him? Master, help, I pray!"

The answer came, my grave seemed open wide,
As though an angel rolled the stone away.
And, looking in, I saw no light, no life:
It was a dark, a cold, a dreary prison.

Then rose again those childish voices sweet,
"He is not here, not here: He is arisen!"

And lifting up my eyes I saw once more
The sun, the day star fair, the world's pure light,
Blinding these tear-dimmed eyes, so used to see
Naught but the tomb's dark loneliness and night.

"Rabboni, Master!" I cried, I cried,
"Forgive me!" And still the silvery voices sang,
"But go your way, and My disciples tell!"
And I—while yet upon the air it rang—

Obed my Master's order, and went back,
His poor to feed, to clothe; to show the way
To wandering ones, His little lambs to lead,
And so I found my Lord, that Easter-day.

—Easter Lilies.

HAVE CLEAN BEDS.

It is a false idea of neatness which demands that beds should be made soon after being vacated. Let it be remembered that more than three-fifths of the solids and liquids taken into the stomach should pass off through the pores of the skin—seven millions in number—and that this escape is the most rapid during the night, while warm in bed. At least one-half of the waste and putrid matter (from twenty to thirty ounces in the night), must become more or less tangled in the bedding—of course soiling it—and a part of this may become re-absorbed by the skin, if it is allowed to come in contact with it on the next night, as it must if the bedding is not exposed for a few hours in the air and light. We may well imitate the Dutch example of placing such bedding on two chairs near the window, in the sunlight, or in the window, that the best purifier known—the light of the sun—may dissipate their impurities, or neutralize them. At least three hours on the average is as short exposure as is compatible with neatness. It is also desirable that the air shall pass through open doors and windows, and that as much sunlight be admitted as possible to the room in which about one-third of the time is spent. In addition to these measures, it is well to have the attic windows wholly

or partly open, and the doors leading to it, so that a free current may pass through all the rooms, up the stairs, and out into the outer world, to become purified by vegetation, etc., before being again respired. Clothes thus aired and sunned will not demand more than half the usual washing, though they can scarcely be washed too often. Another means of promoting cleanliness is by the absolute change of all clothing morning and night, wearing nothing by night, that is worn by day, and vice versa. Such clothes are hung to sun by day and dry by night, and such only are fit to be worn by those who have a reasonable regard for personal cleanliness. And I may remark that when such clothes are removed for the change, it is of the utmost importance to the health that the skin should be subjected to a reasonable friction—as by a flesh-brush, a crash, a coarse flannel or the hand, as a means of cleanliness, and of improved circulation.—J. H. Hanaford.

THE FEET.—It is the history of one's life. Hawthorne makes the beholder say, as he gazed on the bare feet of the dead friar, "They have walked over the hard pavements of Rome, along the cloisters and dreary corridors of his convent from his youth. It is a suggestive idea to track those worn feet backward through all the paths they have trodden ever since they were the tender and rosy little feet of a baby, and—cold as they now are—were kept warm in his mother's hand."

Useful Hints and Recipes.

ARTIFICIAL CORAL.—Melt together one part beeswax and two parts rosin, stir in enough vermilion powder to make the desired color; construct a basket of wire wound with candle-wicking, tie on thorny sprays, raisin stems, etc. Then with a spoon pour the melted wax over every part, let it cool, and pour on more wax until the whole presents the appearance of red coral.

CAKE FOR CHILDREN.—Mix well two pounds of flour in one pint of warm milk, add a teaspoonful of yeast, let it rise about half an hour; then add a quarter pound of treacle, one-half pound of brown sugar, a quarter-pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, two ounces of candied peel, shred fine, and a quarter pound of good fresh beef-dripping; beat the mixture well for a quarter of an hour and bake in a moderate oven.

CUSTARD A LA NEWPORT.—Make one quart of rich custard, taking about six eggs to one quart of milk; sweeten and flavor to taste. Dissolve half an ounce of isinglass in a teacupful of boiling water; when nearly cold and dissolved pour it into one quart of rich cream; place it on ice and beat it until it begins to stiffen. Pour on the custard and beat until quite stiff; then put it into moulds lined with slices of sponge cake or lady-fingers.

BLACKING STOVES.—The fine polish given stoves by those skilled in the art is produced as follows: Have a thin mixture of black varnish and turpentine; apply this with a paint or varnish brush to a portion of the stove, then with a cloth dust this over with pulverized British lustre or stove polish; then rub with a dry brush. The stove must be perfectly cold. The stove dealers buy the pulverized stove polish, which is carburet of iron, in 25 pound packages. The process conducted in this manner is quite brief, but gives beautiful results.

TO KEEP FURS.—Wrap in linen, after sprinkling with moth powder, lay in a deep box and paste a strip of paper over the line where the cover fits on. We see paste-board barrels are being made for packing woollens and furs, but do not know where they can be obtained. We think they will be very desirable. The head fits down snugly, and when the barrel is filled and the head fitted in a strip of brown paper is pasted over the seam. If the articles are well aired, shaken, and entirely free from moth eggs when put into this barrel, it is impossible for any insect to find entrance.—Christian Union.

THE following mixture is said to be the best thing for cleaning brass, copper, tin, stair-roads, and even windows, and it is quite worth the trouble of making once a year, the best way being to store it in wide-mouthed pickle jars of glass or stone: One pound whitening, one pound rotten stone, one pound soft soap, one teacupful vinegar, as much water as will make it a thick paste. Let it boil fully ten minutes, and when nearly cold add half a pint of spirits of turpentine. When you use it put very little on a rag, and rub the article you wish to clean well with it until it becomes bright, and then polish with a leather dipped in powdered Bath brick. Unless you use Bath brick it soon tarnishes, but Bath brick preserves the polish.

Miscellaneous.

AN EASTER CROSS.

BY JULIET C. MARSH.

Wood of holly, fair and white,
For the Easter cross they bring,
As they shape it, strong, but alight,
Low and softly too they sing.
Not of sorrow, or of pain,
Are the thoughts they spin and weave.
Though to-night is Easter-eve,
Yet to-morrow joy will reign.

Firm they bind the frame with pine,
From the top unto the base,
Ivy leaves to gleam and shine,
Myrtle sprays to interlace;
Spicy pine, from forests deep,
Dark and waxen-like in gloss,
Round the tufts of early moss,
Cypress, in and out to creep.

Up and down with fingers fleet,
Weaving while they softly sing,
Snowdrop, lilac, violet sweet,
Round the Easter offering.

At each end a lily fair,
All about the saintly face,
Ferns as delicate as lace,
Grouped with fragile maidenhair.

Purple pansies, bellflowers,
Speak their sorrow for the slain,
Paler passion-flowers they group,
For His agony and pain;
Now through all the silent room,
Wasting western lights are rained
On their benediced faces painted,
At the memory of His tomb.

But a passing thought for loss,
"Easter-eve!" they softly cry,
And above the Easter cross,
Place a crown, for victory.
This of roses, waxen white,
With a subtle, faint perfume,
At each heart a tender bloom,
Like the dawn of Easter light.

SCULPTURES OF PERGAMUS.

Some six or seven years ago a German engineer at Smyrna, named Carl Humann, found on the Acropolis of Pergamus three fragments of slabs in high relief, which he presented to the Prussian Government through the medium of Herr Luhrsens, the German consul. The excavations undertaken in consequence last year by Herr Humann, at German expense, speedily brought to light a great number of slabs in high relief, parts of a continuous marble frieze, to which it soon became evident that the three fragments previously discovered also belonged. By the consent of the Porte, Count Hatzfeld, the German ambassador, has been enabled to secure the whole of the objects discovered for the Berlin Museum. The number of slabs as yet received amounts to more than ninety, some of them as high as the frieze, some huge fragments. Besides there are 1,500 smaller fragments, many of them quite minute. The material is a marble not quite evenly colored, but now bluish and anon yellowish, of coarse grain and very hard. The condition of the upper service varies; some pieces are quite uninjured, especially those which were built into medieval fortifications; others are damaged by the weather or by fire; a still larger number have, it is supposed, been burned down into lime.

Ampelius, a writer of the fourth century, in his *Liber Memorialis*, enumerating the wonders of the world, speaks of a great altar at Pergamus, forty feet high, with very large sculptures representing the Gigantomachy. This building was probably erected by Attalus I., about the time of the second Punic war, in commemoration of his victories over the Gauls. There is no doubt that the major part of the sculptures discovered belong to this altar, and, indeed, to a great frieze which depicts the battle of the gods and the giants. How the whole was arranged, and what place the frieze occupied, is still a point open to inquiry. It is, therefore, a work of the school of Pergamus of the end of the century before Christ, a school to which the dying Gaul of the Capitol and the group at the Villa Ludovisi of the Gaul who has slain his wife and slays himself (commonly styled Arria and Pætus) belong. But what a work! To be sure, the slabs, which are 2.30 metres high and 0.60—1.10 broad, lie with their colossal figures upon the floor of the rooms, and need to be cleaned and put together before one can form a general idea of the whole. But even now it can be clearly seen this is a work of a kind quite uncommon, of unusual strength, greatness, and boldness of conception, of incredibly fine execution—a work of unsurpassed skill, that takes its place beside the sculptures of the Parthenon and the Elgin marbles. The gods have laid aside their wonted serenity, their lofty solemnity, their peculiar stateliness; with passionate actions, full of fury, and with angry might, and yet with godlike greatness, they overcome their opponents. They use not only their weapons, their torches, horses, and chariots, but also lions, shaggy hounds, panthers, serpents,

and eagles. The upper parts of the bodies of the giants are of human shape, and show prodigious strength. A few of them are mighty warriors of human shape, but on the thighs of the greater number fins appear, and below the fins the human leg passes into the trunk of the serpent. These serpent-legs do not terminate in points, but in serpent-heads with jaws armed with teeth, which wage war on their own account with the Olympians. The majority of the giants have mighty wings on their shoulders, some double pairs. Others are not earth-born creatures, but rise from the bottom of the ocean. The lower parts of their bodies are shaped like a sea-horse, with curved belly; their wings are formed of serrated fins. Everything in the fight betokens fury, blazing fire, enormous strength, might, rage, grim wrath, the spasms of pain and death, shrieks of agony, wild lamentations, fearful destruction. The gods and goddesses hurl their missiles, thrust their weapons into the bodies of the monsters, and clasp their shaggy locks; their hands and their feet are fixed on the flesh of the foe, the hide and scaly bodies of the beasts. Here the hoofs of the rearing horses tread on the fallen, who writhe on the ground; there a lion rends its enemy with tooth and claw; others are seized by furious hounds, who break off their heads. The snakes' heads on their side dart round and round, and bite the raiment and the shields. Here stands Zeus and waves the ægis in his left hand, while his right has launched the flaming thunderbolt which is lodged in the thigh of a giant. There Athene, with ægis and gorgon on her breast, grasps an enemy, whom her serpent surrounds by the hair and drags his head to the side, while the huge winged Nike swoops down, holding a palm branch in her right hand, to set the wreath on her head. From the ground rises Ge, the sorrowing mother, who bewails the destruction of her sons. Diana, riding on a lion, is in the act of drawing an arrow from the quiver at her back; another goddess, with long, loosely-flowing robes, lifts her right arm and hurls a huge vase encircled by a serpent; another plants her foot, which is covered by a richly-ornamented shoe, on the head of a dying giant, while she plucks her spear from his body. Two other goddesses are riding on horses saddled with tiger skins. Helios, with his quadriga, and with a torch in his right hand, rises from the sea. Recognizable are also Apollo, Vulcan, Bacchus with a youthful satyr, Boreas, and Neptune. An eagle of Zeus strikes one talon into the open throat of a serpent, and with the other aims at its eyes.

In all these scenes, full of every kind of movement and of fantastic horror, greatness, truth, fidelity to nature, and the highest beauty prevail. All is marked by heroic exuberance and splendor of form. The robes are of quite distinct fabric and cut; the rich folds of the boldly designed drapery are full of majesty, and a motif once started is developed to the end, being carried out without any mechanical or indifferent workmanship. This natural freedom of movement, this structure of the bodies, this display of bones, muscles, veins, and sinews, these figures stretched, bent, and curved, these curled locks and manes, the play of expression in the features, and the deeply sunken eyes surpass all belief. To this virtuosity of the inventive imagination and of the executive skill no difficulty remains; all is done with playful certainty, clearness, and sharpness, and especially with conscientiousness and artistic devotion. There is no hidden or unimportant place which is not worked with the greatest care. With the same fidelity as the hand of a giant grasping a rock or the lovely leg of a goddess are the ornaments of a shoe and of a shield, the hide of a monster, the tiger or panther skin hanging over the arms and shoulders of a combatant, the heads and scaly bodies of the serpents, the forks of the thunderbolts, and the thick plumage of the giants, eagles, and of the Nike treated, without thereby losing grandeur. A series of inscriptions shows that the names of the gods were carved above the frieze, of the giants below it.

Besides the Gigantomachy there are over thirty slabs of a second frieze of smaller dimensions (1.57 metres high) and in less relief, which still remain packed in open chests. The subject is not yet ascertained. Part appears to relate to Telephus, the mythical ancestor of the house of the Attalids. There are groups of figures standing quietly or sitting, smooth in invention, fine in spirit, and excellent in workmanship. That a temple or something of the sort was connected with the altar is shown by beautiful Ionic capitals. A number of statues have also come to light which in part, at least, appear to have belonged to the altar. Of sculptures of an older epoch an ideal female head of singular beauty may be mentioned.—*London Athenæum*.

OPIUM AND RUM.

It has been charged by those opposed to the Maine liquor law that the practice of opium eating has increased enormously in Maine, and that more morphine is sold there than in any other State in the Union in proportion to its population. Neal Dow, of Portland, emphatically denies the statement, urging as a proof of its absurdity that drinkers of alcohol never resort to opium as a substitute. In reference also to the charge that the Maine law is driving much business out of the State, he speaks as follows:

"In 1866, half Portland was burned down, destroying \$10,000,000, and notwithstanding that, our valuation has been constantly increasing—while the valuation of New York has run down \$12,500,000 the last year, and \$100,000,000 the last five years. The valuation of Boston ran down, also, more than \$8,000,000 the last year. Free rum in New York and Boston; but the valuation of Portland, under prohibition to the grog-shops, increased \$480,000 the last year, and business here now is as good as at any time in the history of the town. Every year we save more than \$12,500,000, which would be wasted in rum but for the Maine Law. After the experience of the result of prohibition in Maine of more than 26 years, the Maine Law is now supported by both political parties, and by an overwhelming public opinion. At the last session of our Legislature, January, 1877, an additional act, of greater stringency than any which preceded it, was passed without a dissenting voice in either House, and is thoroughly supported by the popular voice. This would be impossible, were the results of prohibition other than favorable to the highest interests of the State and people."—*N. Y. Observer*.

AN IRISH FISHING VILLAGE.

I did not greatly care how much I muddled my skirts among these poor villagers, because I learned to laugh and weep with them. Uncared for and forgotten by the world, they seem to have but one earthly hope, America, and one dread, hunger. The village possesses no post-office; there is no magistrate within many miles; and the priest, two leagues distant, serves numerous villages as forlorn as this, and people are born and die without any official note. Many suppose that the parish priest is the most powerful man in the kingdom; and it was a subject of supreme surprise and commiseration when I informed them that the Queen was a widow. On Sundays the inhabitants of the village appear, washed and shaven into a ghastly pallor, in the single street that leads up from the sea, and remain all day long gossiping and fighting, through sunshine and rain, as if these achievements formed a part of their religious duties. Now and then the spoils of a wreck are washed to their shores, and when the coast-guards dispute with them what they consider the bounty of the sea, fierce encounters take place, in one of which, not long before my arrival, a poor villager had been killed.

There was scarcely a well-thatched cabin in the village; the floors of most of them were as muddy as the roads, and dotted with little pools of water, which seemed a refreshing feature to the ducks that came in in quest of food. The most sheltered corner of the cabin is devoted to the pig, and the chickens seize upon every coin of vantage for a roost. Nets hang from the rafters, and the equipments of the boats are disposed in whatever dry nooks the habitation boasts of. The warmest spot on the hearth is usurped by the cat, cherished with great care as the watchful protector against their terrible enemies, the rats; and beside it an old woman, who did not seem to have changed her clothes since her youth, coddled the latest born of the household. The village was pervaded with so strong an odor of fish and tar that less disagreeable emanations were unnoticed. The dung-heap was zealously guarded by the door—I have seen it, indeed, in the very living-room of the occupants—as the riches that were to prosper their next year's potato crop; and every morning the pig was sent out to walk, with a solicitude for his health not bestowed upon the other members of the family. These people spent three-fourths of their time in idling and gossiping. I saw poor haggard old women at the doors of their cabins or by the village well, who had to crouch like apes to make their rags cover them, so mad for gossip that they forgot their hunger and the rain that soaked them; and day after day old men gathered on the sheltered side of a wall, and talked with as much interest as if they had never seen each other before, and every recital was an unheard-of marvel. Troops of half-clothed and half-starved children sprawled in the mud, fought among

themselves, or with loud yells crowded around some poor ass, inflicting all the torments that their untutored imaginations could suggest, while their mothers, can in hand, whispered, with amazement written on their faces, of all they had heard or seen or dreamed of since yesterday in a village dependent entirely upon itself for its topics of interest.

Hither, I learned, the priest came once a year to hear the confessions of the inhabitants. They repair to one of the cabins, where, while the pig, chickens, ducks, and geese are kept in abeyance by the zealous host and hostess, the rite is celebrated. Among these people, whose only extravagance seems to be on the score of their religion, he is entertained and requited in a manner quite out of proportion to the means of his entertainers; and when departing, after the manner of the fond mother in the story-book, who whipped her children and put them to bed, he gives them all a sound rating upon their idleness and remissness in their religious observances, and receives in return, "Long life to your reverence," and "Godspeed," from his humble flock.—*Harper's Magazine*.

Selections.

Life is but short, therefore crosses cannot be long.—*Flavel*.

The way to get out of self-love is to love Christ.—*Augustine*.

Contentment makes a believer rich, while plenty leaves the sinner poor.

If the Lord does not give you what is sweet, He will give you what is meet; He is consulting your welfare, when He appears to forget your comfort.

It is not unworthiness, but unwillingness, that bars any man from God. Thousands have missed of Him by their unwillingness, but He never put off one soul on account of its unworthiness.—*Flavel*.

The holiest part of divine worship is praise; and every Christian should have his heart so pervaded by the recollection of God's merciful dealings, that his mouth shall always be pouring forth ascriptions of praise.

Christ watches by a Christian's hearth.

Yes, He is there; beneath our eaves
Each sound His wakeful ear receives;
Hush idle words and thoughts of ill,
Your Lord is listening; peace, be still.

—*Keble*.

Home is not a name, nor a form, nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not and cannot make it. It must get its light and sweetness from those who inhabit it—from flowers and sunshine—from the sympathetic natures which, in their exercise of sympathy, can lay aside the tyranny of the broom and the awful duty of endless scrubbing.

A sprig of wormwood hath the same bitterness with the plant. A drop of sea-water hath the same saltiness with the ocean. The smallest sin is a breach of the royal law as well as the greatest. Though the object may be different, yet the command is still the same; and the wise man tells us that the law must be kept as the apple of the eye, which is offended by the smallest dust.

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Science and Art.

The proposed restoration of the oratory of Carlisle Cathedral contemplates the refacing of the walls outside, the rebuilding of the crypt, the relaying of the floor, and the re-roofing of the entire structure. Anti-restoration people are asking what will then remain of the historic building in which it is believed that Edward I. held his Parliament.

MEISSONIER AND HIS WORK.—Meissonier's works steadily increase in value. Those that have been bought and sold again have generally advanced in figures, and advanced roundly. Three or four that went first for \$3,000 to \$4,000 have changed hands since at \$10,000 to \$15,000. The artist himself thinks and says that his death will be a great benefit to holders of his canvases; that the latter will jump up the moment it is known that he has passed away. He is persuaded that in another century he will be rated financially with the Dutch and Flemish masters of the seventeenth century. It would be hazardous to contradict him. On one occasion a German banker from Hanover, having brought a letter of introduction, asked Meissonier to do half a dozen panels in his house for 500 marks apiece, explaining that he would defray his traveling expenses there and back, and give him his board gratis. The Frenchman ironically said that he would not dream of asking such a price, that if he should accept the money he would insist on painting the walls, and also the hearth and the cupboards. "Oh, very well; suit yourself. You can earn your money as you choose. You can do the hearths and cupboards after you have got through with the panels." "You are a beast!" roared the irate Gaul, and flew out of the room, leaving the astonished stranger alone. No wonder he was enraged. He is in the habit of being approached with great delicacy and of being flattered by men in exalted positions. Notwithstanding Meissonier spends so much time on his pictures, he has painted more than can conveniently be enumerated.

Personal.

It is reported that Theodore Monod, the eminent French Protestant pastor, will shortly visit this country.

The Prince of Wales' sons are receiving thirty-seven and a half cents per day for their services in the British navy, and it is believed that the navy pays for all it gets, even at that rate.

Mr. W. T. Waters, of Baltimore, Md., who has a rich private gallery of art, has contributed its use for the benefit of the poor during the months of March and April. It is open to the public on each Wednesday.

Ourray, the recognized head of the Ute nation, is forty-six years of age. When a boy he attended a Jesuit school in New Mexico, and now speaks the Spanish language well. He has large flocks of sheep and several hundred horses, and withal, keeps a carriage and driver.

Dr. Richard S. Storrs has consented to deliver the oration at the celebration of the Wyckliffe anniversary, which the American Bible Society has decided to observe at the Academy of Music on December 2, that day being the five hundredth anniversary of the publication of Wyckliffe's translation of the Scriptures.

King William III. of Holland is now 63 years old, and is in the thirty-first year of his reign. Prince Alexander, the only son of the King now living, is in his 29th year. He has recently, both in newspapers and pamphlets, admitted his inability to take any part in affairs of State, and serious apprehensions are entertained in Holland that the Orange-Nassau dynasty will shortly die out. Prince Frederick, of the Netherlands, uncle to the King, attains his eighty-third birthday next week, and his Highness' only daughter is married to the Prince de Wied, who is now in his 25th year.

Books and Periodicals.

CHEERFUL WORDS. By George Macdonald. Introduction by James T. Fields, and Biography by Emma E. Brown. Spare Minute Series. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00.

We can call to mind the works of no single author to which the title, "Cheerful Words," can more properly apply than to those of George Macdonald. It exactly expresses the element which permeates everything from his pen, whether sermon, essay, story or poem—an element which strengthens while it cheers, which instills new light and life into the doubting or discouraged soul and leads it to fresh effort.

The introduction to the volume is from the pen of James T. Fields, a personal friend and ardent admirer of the author. He regards Macdonald as a master of his art, and believes in holding up for admiration those like him, who have borne witness to the eternal beauty and cheerful capabilities of the universe around us, and who are lovingly reminding us, whenever they write, of the "holiness of helpfulness."

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending March 20th and 27th respectively, contain the following articles: Bishop Wilberforce, and the Romance of Modern Travel. Quarterly; British Lighthouses, Edinburgh; The Hakey's Nest, Macmillan; A Wild Irish Girl, Temple Bar; The History of Writing; Something about Milk, and Artificial production of Diamonds; Nature; Street Disorders, Saturday Review; Quarrels in a Library, and Mr. Bright as a Churchman, Spectator; with instalments of "He that will not when he may," by Mrs. Oliphant, and "Adam and Eve" by the author of "Dorothy Fox."

As a New Volume begins with the number for April 2d, this is a good time to subscribe.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, including the extra numbers of the latter, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

WIDE AWAKE for April, 1880, which comes to hand just as we go to press, is very bright. It has an Easter frontispiece, and a number of illustrated stories and poems, that cannot fail to please the young. It is edited by Ella Farman, and published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. 20 cts. a number; \$2 a year.

St. Nicholas, Scribner's illustrated magazine for girls and boys, is always welcomed to our table. The April number is full of bright, instructive matter, handsomely illustrated. The frontispiece called "A Burial at Sea," is an impressive picture. It is an engraving from a painting exhibited at the art exhibition of France by Henry Bacon. The number is a model one, and the variety of the matter and beautiful form in which it is given, will attract any one of true taste.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for April closes the XIX. volume of the magazine, which is a wonder in its way. During the ten years of its career, it has grown in popular favor. The current number, notwithstanding the serials, contains a great variety of matter that cannot fail to interest the general reader. The work is profusely and finely illustrated as usual. Prominent among the articles is one on "The Growth of Wood-cut Printing," which is valuable as a piece of history, and "in order to attract attention to this most important field of art work, we have concluded to offer three premiums to pupils for the best work as follows: \$100, \$75, and \$50, respectively, to the first, second and third best specimens of wood-engraving, produced and sent to this office any time during the present year, 1880, by pupils in any art-school or under any private teacher in the United States. We shall need to see only proofs, accompanied by the teacher's certificate that the competitor is 'mitting them in is reality a pupil who has never done engraving for the public or for pay.' A competent Board of Judges has been appointed, and its decision will be made on the 1st of January, 1881.

STANDARD SERIES. We have received from I. K. Funk & Co. the following: Macaulay's Essays, containing the great reviewer's essays on "Milton," "Dryden," "History," "Johnson," (2 essays), "Bunyan," "The Athenian Orators," and "Montgomery's Poems." Price 15 cents, unabridged. Also "The Manliness of Christ," by Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School-days." Price 10c, unabridged.

With the first of these works every one is acquainted, and it is only necessary to say, that they are published in good form at the above price, which is very low. We have not had time to read Mr. Hughes' new work, but it is spoken of in highest terms by the press, and the character of the author gives promise that what he has written is healthy and well timed.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, March, 1880. Mysteries of Administration in Turkey; A Sequel to "The Pedigree of Man." By Dr. Radcliffe; The Duration of Parliaments. By Walter R. Cassels; The Pillar of Praise. By Emily Pfeiffer; Bureaucracy and its Operation in Germany and Austria-Hungary. By Professor von Schulte; The Vernacular Press in India. By Roper Lethbridge; Hellenic and Christian Views of Beauty. By the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt; Ministerial Misstatements on the Afghan Question. By the Duke of Argyll. Contemporary Books: I. Ecclesiastical History, &c. Under the Direction of Archdeacon Cheetham; II. Biblical Literature, &c. Under the Direction of The Hon. and Rev. W. N. Fearnside; III. Modern History. Under the direction of Professor S. R. Gardiner, also White Wings, a Teaching Romance. Chapters xxi. to xxv. By William Black. From Cornhill Magazine. New York: George Munroe, Publisher, 17 to 27 Vandewater St.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
Rev. C. U. HELLMAN,
Rev. A. R. KREMER,
Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.
For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1880.

THE VANQUISHER OF HADES.

Nothing more completely overthrows the Romish idea of a Purgatory than a proper conception of Christ's descent into Hades, as this is declared in the Apostles' Creed. The two if rightly understood, are essentially antagonistic. The first involves the idea that our blessed Lord's sacrifice for sin was not sufficient, inasmuch as it must be supplemented by the suffering even of God's people in purifying fires. Ignatius Loyola in his *Meditations* says and tries to prove by the "Angelic St. Thomas,"—not the disciple, but Aquinas, and by the "Seraphic St. Bonaventura," that "the most atrocious pain which God inflicts upon venial sin is after death," and that "venial sins, for which just souls did not penance in this life, are atoned for by the most severe pains in Purgatory." How the revelation came we do not know, but the instances of purgatorial sufferings given, would, if not fabulous, make the flesh creep.

We cannot dwell upon these things, but simply remark, that the fatal error lies in saying that God will thus torture those who die justified in His sight; and worse than all that, there is efficacy in fires to purify the soul from stains. The article of creed we have referred to leads to no such conclusion. It takes for granted that neither penance in this world, nor burning in the next can take away sin; but that Christ by His hellish agonies on the cross, has made the only true, yet all-sufficient expiation, and that His blood alone, can cleanse us. It was just the triumph of His sacrifice over sin that our blessed Lord declared to all the realms beyond, when He went forward to sanctify that portion of our being between death and the resurrection, even as He had blessed and saved the part of our life that lies on this side of the grave. He who Himself tabernacled in our flesh and stands by His saints in the hour of dissolution, does not require their disembodied souls to go into a region that He has not traveled before them. This historic view of Christ's life, instead of teaching any thing like a Purgatory, is an argument that immediately after death "the souls of the just are with God, and there shall no torment touch them." There is nothing in it to lead to the idea that those who die in Christ need further purification before they come to the beatific vision of God, much less that the relation of the finally impenitent to God can be changed, which last thought however even Romanists disclaim.

This view is strengthened by the fact that when our blessed Lord came back by His resurrection, He had the keys of death and Hades with him, so that whatever the Sheol of the Old Testament may have been, He abolished it. That this belief obtained very long ago is evident from a document which though by no means canonical, nor perhaps as old as some have thought it to be, has some interest, and may contain an important truth. We give the substance of it for what it is worth.

The gospel attributed to Nicodemus, is based upon one of the scenes that took place in Jerusalem during the memorable week of our Lord's crucifixion. St. Matthew tells us that "the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of their graves after His resurrection, and went into the Holy City, and appeared unto many." That much is authentic, and that there was a profound impression created by it is evident too,

because we are told by the same authority that the Centurion and those that were with him were led to exclaim when they saw these wonderful things, "Truly this was the Son of God."

The legend says these events disturbed the Sanhedrim greatly, and that a committee consisting of Caiaphas, Joseph, Nicodemus and Gamaliel, was sent to examine the graves of two sons of Simeon who were among the risen. They found the graves empty, but met the persons, and brought them to the temple. The doors were closed, and after prayer the risen ones were permitted to tell what they had seen.

Their representation was that they, with all the Old Testament saints were waiting in blessed hope for a fulfillment by Messiah of those things upon which all depended, when suddenly those who "sat in darkness saw great light." Satan came to the portals and proclaimed that death was about gaining another victim, the most illustrious the world had ever known, one who had cast him out of men and restored the dead to life, but was now dying Himself and crying "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" When the name of this person was asked, and Satan replied "Jesus," Simeon arose and said, "I had that child in my arms, and He is the promised Redeemer." And when His sufferings and death were wondered at, Isaiah said that he had prophesied these things by God's command; and so all the prophets and patriarchs back to Adam bore their testimony that this must be the Lord's Christ. Then Jesus came and hurled Satan back to darkness but drew all His people to His own brightness, and "breaking down the gates," led them forth to light and joy, so that thereafter there was no Sheol, but a glorious advancement to that state of felicity in which the redeemed abide, until the full manifestation of the sons of God, to wit, the redemption of the body.

The account, although bearing internal evidence against the inspiration once claimed for it, is interesting. Its quotations of prophecies are better than Loyola's stories derived from apparitions, or Odo's accounts of what he saw and heard at Clugny; and to our mind it teaches what is nearer to the truth.

MOVEMENT TO REPEAL A LAW.

Rev. John Torrence has suggested to several religious bodies, the propriety of petitioning for the repeal of the law in this State which voids all bequests to charitable, religious or literary institutions made within one month of the decease of the testator. In urging this matter recently, he said: "The act was passed twenty-seven years ago at a time when the country was passing through its Know-Nothing excitement, and at that time, as well as more recently, I would have voted for it heartily. It was designed to prevent the Latin Church from using undue clerical influence in the disposition of the property. Now, however, I could tabulate \$1,000,000 lost to the Protestant Church and to charitable and literary institutions since its passage." In support of this assertion he recited many of the cases, especially those of persons in good health, who having made charitable dispositions of their property died too soon afterward for their desires to be carried into effect.

A case familiar to our Church was among those cited. There seemed to be some opposition to the movement among the Methodists, who claimed that the law was beneficent, and that the place for Christians to improve in the practice of becoming their own executors was under the provisions of existing enactments.

DRUNKENNESS AND CHRISTIANITY.

Cannon Farrar, in a letter to Joseph Cook, takes a much more hopeful view of the temperance question than many persons. He says, "It seems to me that drunkenness stands almost alone among human sins in being absolutely curable and preventable. The work achieved by Mohammed alone is sufficient to prove that this source of crime

and misery might be eliminated from the list of the evils which scourge mankind."

It has always seemed to us, that this brighter view is the right one. Christianity can and ought to do more than Mohammedanism, which is, after all, a religion of lust; and, even if the false prophet had failed in keeping his followers from drinking wine, Christian people should find no discouragement in such a fact. It will be sad when believers in Christ settle down to the conviction that there are some sins which cannot be reached and overcome by the grace of God. The difficulty is that many try to effect the rescue without the aid of God's Spirit. The drunkard is to be reformed first, and then only is he raised to that salvable ground where Divine help is to reach him. The most difficult part of the work is to be done before the hand of God lays hold of him. The main reliance just now, is the human will, but that, alas! is the first thing enslaved.

The truth that forces itself upon the present age, is, that the appetite for strong drink, like other evils, is transmitted and becomes a hereditary vice, and when once it gets to be constitutional, nothing short of a miracle will break it up. But with God all things are possible, and therefore, this.

WHAT WORK?

Some one is quoted as saying, "Christian union is well, but no courtesies between two regiments ever yet defeated the other army." This is, in substance, what we have urged before, and its truth should force itself upon our Church at this time. Our hope is in aggressive efforts in the mission-field against the malign kingdom of Satan. And every one has a part to perform in this matter. It is said that Mr. Spurgeon addresses this question to every applicant to membership of his congregation: "Well, if you are received, what individual work are you going to take up and carry on for the Lord?" And it is added, that "as a result he has now enrolled in his parish register 5,756 communicants who represent just so many willing workers under his leadership. He saves his own strength by doing nothing that his parishioners can do equally well."

But this last is not all. The great matter is not so much the saving of the pastor, but the development of Christian graces in his people by putting them into exercise. It would be unmerciful in a mother always to carry her child instead of allowing it to walk itself. She could not expect it to be healthy or strong. The same law holds in the sphere of our religious life.

It is startling to look at most of our congregations and see how few [of the members are active. Let pastors ask themselves whether this dead capital, this unemployed talent, rolled in a napkin and hid in the earth, may not account for their limited success.

PUTTING TOO FINE A POINT ON THINGS.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Christian Instructor*, is asked by a "young pastor" whether it is the custom of the United Presbyterian Church to ordain ruling elders on the Sabbath, and whether it is right to do so. It replies:

"The general, though not universal, custom has been to ordain on the Sabbath. It is not proper on the Sabbath. It is not worship, mercy nor necessity. It is done because of a worldly selfishness; it saves time, saves a sermon. Ministers are not ordained on the Sabbath, and elders are not enough better than ministers to constitute a good reason. If the ordination of spiritual officers is not a matter to justify a special meeting in the week, let this be done on Wednesday evening after prayer-meeting. What you need, brother, and what we all need is to elevate the standard of Sabbath observance. There is no law on this matter, and the custom into which we are falling will make one if we do not break it up. If you have elders to ordain and they insist on having this done on Sabbath, do not ordain them; they will not make good elders. Reverence God's Sabbath and He will honor you for it."

This we respectfully submit is putting too fine a point on things. The ordination of elders is a Divine ordinance, and

not too bad a thing to be performed on the Lord's day. The position taken is a wrong one, and our contemporary will defeat itself in its honest but misguided efforts to put honor upon the Sabbath. We do not think that as a general thing ministers and elders are ordained on that day to save time and sermons.

WHO OBSERVE HOLY WEEK?

One of the queerest things of which we have any knowledge is the ignorance concerning Church matters, on the part of persons who especially ought to know better. We mean editors of secular papers. They tell their readers a great deal about the Church and its doings, and that too, very often, with the air and manner of men who would be considered oracles on ecclesiastical topics. But they frequently commit most grievous and injurious errors, which should by all means be corrected, and not be permitted to go to seed and propagate themselves, to the disgust of the well informed, and the prejudice of truth.

We only instance one subject on which the secular press seems to be as blind as a post, and that is, as to what Christian denominations observe the seasons and festivals of the Church Year. In nearly all the city dailies we may read, at the appropriate times, that Lent, Holy Week, Easter, Ascension, Pentecost, has been observed by services suitable to the occasion, by the *Roman Catholic and Episcopal Churches*. Perhaps in one or two of the other Churches "mention was made of the day," but the reader is to understand that only the two Churches, above named, have any true part or lot in the matter.

Reformed people—and Lutherans too—can read such news with a smile or a frown, according to individual temperament. Could anything be more absurd than to assert, as the Baltimore papers do just now, that Holy Week belongs with special Divine right to the Roman Catholic Church, and that no other Church makes any earnest account of it, and that it is freely surrendered by all others to its ancient and rightful owner.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. We affirm, that there is not a Church in America that makes better and more holy use of Holy Week than our own. It is a season which our people, for the last twenty years at least, have looked forward to with solemnity, delight and expectation. We affirm, also, that our ministry and people are as well acquainted with the meaning and use of the different parts of the sacred year as they are of any other branch of Christ's Church. And from now on, for weeks, the MESSENGER will teem with the practical evidences and proofs of what we have said. K.

Notes and Quotes.

A society of women in Pittsburg has undertaken to pay the salary of Mrs. L. M. Guthrie, who has been appointed a missionary to Japan, by the Methodist Protestant Church. We do not suppose the Society is a very rich one.

Rev. Mr. Elterick, who has been charged with indiscretions at Bergen Point, N. J., is not a minister of the "German Reformed" Church, as stated in the *Philadelphia Evening Telegraph*, last week.

Devotion to art and laxity in other matters, is illustrated by the assertion that an English Lord has broken an engagement with an otherwise charming woman, because of "incompatibility of complexion." She did not suit his furniture. We do not know the color of the furniture.

A reporter of the *Phila. Times* who went last week to interview the officers of the Salvation Army, was completely surrounded and earnestly prayed for. This was the first time in an experience of many years, that he was made a prisoner of a Christian war, but his account of it is subdued and respectful.

The *New York Tribune* hit the nail on the head when it said: "The readiest way for a mediocre man to gain

notoriety is for him to proclaim himself an infidel and attack the Bible. His blows may be as feeble as a hen's pecking, but they are sure to attract notice, because of the holy and tender regard in which what he assails is held by the noblest part of the race."

The Jubilee Singers, who are to give a concert in Dr. Wylie's Church, Broad Street below Spruce, on Friday evening next, have already contributed over \$150,000 for Fisk University. Besides this, their earnings are often divided with other enterprises of charity. The concert on Friday evening, is for St. Mary's Street Mission School, where an important Christian work is being done for the colored people of the locality. The music of the Jubilee Singers needs no commendation.

At St. Stephen's (College) Church, Lancaster, on Palm Sunday, the young Japanese student, Masataka Yamanaka, was baptized and confirmed. He had been under catechetical instruction ever since he came to Lancaster, and also previously in California. He is making good progress in his studies, and is highly esteemed by all. As he is dependent for support in prosecuting his studies, it is to be hoped that kind friends will not forget to make some contributions to this object. Those already received have been thankfully received, but more are required to meet his necessary expenses. Contributions may be sent to the chairman of the Committee of the Faculty having the matter under their direction, Dr. Thomas G. Apple.

Among the Exchanges.

We take the following from a letter to the *Philadelphia Press* by Capt. W. W. Nevin, whose brilliant and instructive letters show him to be a close and discriminating observer. The extract will give a good idea of the state of things in the Emerald Isle. Writing from Sligo, county Sligo, West of Ireland, under date of Feb. 11th, Capt. Nevin says:

Ireland is a country which it depresses a thoughtful American to visit, and one, seeing it, understands the pardonable exuberance of the average Irishman—not of the gentry class—in getting out of it.

It has a soil fertile and generous beyond the common gifts—a climate mild and gentle. So that plants which need hot-house care across the channel in England, flourish here in the open air; yet the people are starving.

It is not as densely populated as England, or as several of the countries of Europe, but about one man in every sixteen is a professional pauper on the poor roll of the State.

Beyond its land, it has a circular area of sea around its whole periphery, affording splendid fisheries; they are neglected. It has coal and iron under its surface; they rest undisturbed. It has manufactures; they are going down.

In 1845 it had a little over 8,000,000 of population; now it has a little over 5,000,000—a decrease of 35 per cent. It is a failure, and stands alone in the progressing civilization of the North.

From 1767 to 1845 population increased, often rapidly. At that date there set in a steady decline; so that the country presents the anomaly of growing under penal, and often barbarous, legislation, and diminishing in population under ameliorated legislation.

This town of Sligo, in the centre of the region of distress, is only 134 miles from Dublin, but that distance is equal to more than a thousand miles in our country, so great is the change in the habits and modes of life, and so slow here is the movement of ideas.

As you leave Dublin every mile the country grows more picturesque and more like the Ireland of tale and song and art; that is, poverty increases and man's estate grows more hard and hopeless.

As you ride across the entire breadth of the island, you readily detect one of the causes of trouble. The peasantry have been crowded off of the fine improved land of the middle of the island and crowded into this exposed and partially barren and unreclaimed Western coast. Ireland is not at all over-populated, but the population is badly distributed.

There is plenty of distress, suffering, poverty and starving here in this rude town, but whether it is really much worse than usual a stranger cannot tell. Sligo at its best would look unutterably wretched to any American eye. The mud hovels, for instance, traditionally shared with the pigs and dogs and geese, but into which I think the animals only go when they are a good deal depressed and discouraged, are not of this year, but a permanency. The street begging, I judge, is always just as piteous and squalid as to-day; it has a conventional, professional stamp.

At Edgeworth, between here and Dublin, lived Maria Edgeworth, and her old-fashioned tales of some generations ago are exact pictures of the land and people. What she saw years and years ago you see now—the long, dark-brown stretches of cheerless peat bog, neglected cows, their hair matted and their limbs crusted with dung; the horses in the field ungroomed and uncared for; furzy and brambled hedges, giving the land an unkempt and untidy appearance; ragged men sitting under the hedge-rows; low thatched hovels that are burrows rather than houses; bare-legged women; an occasional abandoned dwelling, whose ruined walls tell the tale of eviction or emigration; a general shiftless, broken-down landscape; over it all, like a visible curse, the black, ill-omened crows.

Popular education, of course, there is none. The minds of the Irish peasantry are as neglected as their bodies and cabins.

Whisky is cheap, strong and plenty, and does its work efficiently.

Right in the midst of this squalor and misery and degradation and ignorance—this subjection of soul and body—there arises from out of the hovels and unclean streets a magnificent brand-new cathedral, a splendid pile of dark gray stone in all the architectural glory of ages. It is buttressed and domed and niched—and inside and out finished according to the accustomed pattern of centuries. There are statues in bronze and stone and marble—saints and bishops—great crucifixes, life-size or larger, within and without—grand side altars to the popular saints—a lady chapel—the pieta—the bambino, with its rude dramatic cradle altar in the stable. It carries you back in a flash to Italy. Ireland is doing to-day what medieval Europe did in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and she is having the same succession of famine and pestilence and subjection, which form the dreary and resultless history of the common people in those days.

Certainly this imposing cathedral is a splendid monument to the power which put it up. My flattered guide proudly informed me that "Archbishop Cullen had told him it was the finest Catholic church in Ireland," but he added, with a sudden revulsion of emotion and a shrug of the shoulders, "don't we have to pay for it, though. Ugh!" A man of a higher rank of life told me that the money to build it all came from Sligo, "and it was raised quick, too."

Speaking of the alms sent to Ireland just now, Capt. Nevin says:

In truth, a very unsatisfactory feature of the whole situation is the manner in which the contributions of the whole world are received and distributed. There is dissatisfaction and clashing and recrimination from the parish up to the heads of Government. The main committees have deemed it necessary to insist that every local committee of distribution shall have on it both the parish priest (Roman Catholic), and the rector of the parish (Anglican), in order that sectional prejudices shall not defeat the end of non-sectarian charity and love; but this does not prevent unseemly squabbles in the local interior press, although in the main I think the clergy of both Churches are working well together.

We clip this notice of Dr. Howard Crosby's Yale Lectures on the "Successful Preacher" from the *Evening Telegraph*. Some of the qualifications here mentioned have, perhaps, been left too much out of sight:

The Yale lectures on preaching for this winter have just been published after revision by Dr. Crosby. The reverend gentleman, always plain spoken, is particularly so in these interesting addresses. He ascribes great importance to physical qualities as an equipment of the preacher. A man whose most prominent function is to use his voice in a large assembly must possess a distinct and powerful utterance. A preacher should take care to use his rib-muscles as the bellows, and his throat muscles as articulation keys, instead of making the latter do service for both. He should stand erect, and not stoop over his manuscript. His head should be lifted and his shoulders thrown back, so that his voice be not impeded in its course. The duties of the preacher are so arduous and constant that they compel the necessity of good bodily health. He must be able to bear copious drafts on his nervous energy. Such an enormous strain requires a powerful physical frame. For a weak-bodied man to undertake the duties of the preacher is a tempting of Providence. Unless the lungs and heart and nerves are sound in character, and healthful in action, the work of the Lord is to be performed in some other way than in the public ministry. The prophets of the Old Testament and the apostles of the New were evidently men of strong physical structure. There is, moreover, a close connection between bodily weakness and erroneous doctrine. Not that a man rejects the atonement because he has a complaint of the liver, or that any degree of physical disease implies an abandonment of Biblical doctrine; but the coloring of a preacher's theology is no doubt largely affected by the state of his health. Among the mental characteristics, which Dr. Crosby insists on as an essential condition of usefulness in the preacher, a high place is assigned to acuteness of perception. This involves a rapid glance at all the objects within range of the vision. The eye of a watchman sweeps the whole horizon and takes in every tree, bush, and rock. The preacher must thoroughly know his subject; but in order to do this he must look at it in every possible light, and note its connection with all other truth. It is easy for an essayist to nurse his theme out of all proportion to its related subjects. The whole is sacrificed for a part, and a part truth is often a falsehood.

Another quality on which Dr. Crosby forcibly dilates is soundness of judgment. This is the same as tact allied with a high sense of religious duty. Men of tact, however, are scarce. Most men are clumsy in their attempted adaptations. They may be prodigies of learning, and with not a little acuteness of thought on abstract subjects, but stupid and bungling when called upon to deal with their fellow-men. But the business of the preacher is conspicuously with men. He should understand human nature in all its manifold phases. He should be able to adapt himself to every one in the fitting way as easily as to breathe. Now most ministers, Dr. Crosby affirms, are proverbially deficient in this qualification. The defect is no doubt exaggerated, but it cannot be denied that there is ground for the criticism. One reason for the ministerial verandry, as Dr. Crosby calls it, he finds in the ordinary style of seminary training. It is the life of a cloister. The student is secluded from the busy haunts of men, and often even from the smaller circles of social intercourse. His mind is stored with book-knowledge, but he gains no knowledge of the ways of men, with whom he will have to deal. The ordinary minister, says Dr. Crosby, comes out of the seminary an imbecile. He may be a good scholar and an able reasoner, but he has no place in the seething cauldron of the world. He is utterly dazed by the realities around him. He shows such a weakness in meeting the emergencies of life that he forfeits the respect of the world. The remarks of Dr. Crosby in regard to the conduct and deportment of the preacher might be taken as a manual of good behavior in every condition of life. The preacher, he insists, should always maintain the manners of a gentleman. This word describes the person who is acceptable in all his social relations. Whatever may be his character and tone of

mind, he fits himself gracefully to the movements of society, and instead of giving offense commands approval. A gentleman, says Dr. Crosby, is not to be confounded with the man of fashion. He has not learned his conversation from the small talk of the saloons, nor does his personal appearance depend on the art of the tailor. He cultivates good manners because they form the atmosphere of good society, not because they are the fashion of the day. His personal habits should be in keeping with the refinement of his manners. A preacher who is slovenly in his attire, allowing his hair to be unkempt, his nails uncleaned, his boots unblackened, and his clothes unbrushed, will prove a very poor conductor of Divine truth.

Communications.

DR. CHRISTLIEB'S VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT OF MISSIONS.

Now, that the subject of Missions is specially before the Reformed Church, through the "appeal" for aid to the pastors, congregations and Sunday Schools by the Board of General Synod, it may be helpful in gathering the proposed "peace offerings," to present a translated extract from the German, by Dr. Christlieb, of an exceedingly scholarly discourse on Missions, delivered before the last Evangelical Alliance in the city of Basel, Switzerland. Dr. Christlieb, in speaking on the subject of Missions, says:

"And what appalling indolence a large portion of the clergy betray in this cause! Whence is this great disparity in missionary interest among congregations in one and the same section of country? I answer: chiefly from the unequal efforts of the clergy. Just as they are, will their congregations soon become with reference to the subject of benevolence and Christian work. If the pastor is not alive to the important developments going on in the history of missions, he deprives himself of the powerful aids to his faith and spiritual refreshments. If at his lonely post of duty he does not diligently listen to the distant hammer strokes of the framing kingdom of God; if he reviews missionary reports hastily, to furnish him present matter for his missionary service, and if these are to him an irksome task, rather than cheerful labor—and be assured, the congregation is quick to discern this—if he preaches on the subject of missions only in Epiphany, and does not refer to this subject frequently on other Sundays, although the whole New Testament is pervaded by missionary thoughts and supported, if he expects to maintain an interest in missions in his congregation from the reports of the Board of Missions, which few read at best, or the influence of the missionary festivals in his church from time to time, he will soon discover the difficult task to even maintain his past acquired position and interest on this subject, not to speak of the progress necessary to make in order to satisfy the increasing wants and claims of the subject and the missionary board. Then a state of things ensues as afflict us largely at the present: the work enlarges, the wants and claims of the missionary boards increase, but their income scarcely maintains their old figures; yea, here and there diminishes,—and the deficits become permanent.

Much, much, every way depends upon the personal conduct of the minister in the cultivation of a true missionary spirit among his people. If at the seminary they were sinfully neglected to be educated Christian ministers—missionaries!—they may, by personal efforts, readily recover from this injury. But to expect the work of missions to prosper simply by the efforts of the missionary board is altogether futile—foolish. This is chiefly the duty of each congregation and its pastor!

And this is true especially in reference to pecuniary efforts. It is not likely that any one has led to death by missionary contributions. And he that ever fears his people will not be able to bear increased taxation for benevolence will please open his eyes and behold the extravagance these "over-assessed" church members maintain in support of other "missions": fashion, diet, pleasure, dwellings and housekeeping.

There is no want of sufficient money for missions, but there is an awful want of proper knowledge and ardent love for the cause. If our intelligent and wealthy membership were all friends of missions, our income and efficiency would be ten-fold in this department. Therefore our attention ought especially be directed to these classes—the rich and learned—and convince them that culture and possessions, without the Christian religion, are insufficient to bless the world.

In reference to each one's own denominational missionary efforts I would suggest:

1. The work of missions should more and more become the engrossing theme of the whole congregation; but don't expect, especially from unreasonably, large charges, that each congregation and all its host of nominal members as well, will acquire an intelligent knowledge of, or earnestness in, the subject. The love of missionary work depends entirely upon the measure of faith we have in the world concerning the power of the gospel, faith in the promises of the Scriptures, love to the Saviour of sinners, gratitude for self-experienced grace. Not the world, but the Christian congregation is to do missionary work.

2. In our theological seminaries the missionary spirit ought much more to be cultivated than it is, even if the catalogue of studies be thereby somewhat enlarged. The professorships ought to include this subject, and not casually be referred to in practical theology, but also in history and exegesis, (viz.: in the Acts of the Apostles, Pastoral Letters, and also the Prophets) the subject of missions and its late history ought to receive a respectful consideration.

3. Also, in the Sunday sermon and catechetical instructions this subject ought to receive more attention, in order that missions might become an integral factor in the congregational life, and not—as is so frequently the case—only appear in missionary festivals and isolated. The declaration of the royal commission of the Master must constitute the basis and furnish the spirit of missions, missionary tidings, (including missionary meetings), foster and promote missions—the subjugation of the whole earth to Christ!

4. In some cases it may be necessary to concentrate our efforts in support of a certain desirable mission. In many cases our missionary efforts amount to so little, because of the many directions in which we seek to work, and hence, in no case is the effort efficient. These scattered efforts discourage the growth of a deeper missionary life. Of course, such

as would be exclusive, and perhaps use all their missionary money for local purposes, should be taught that the world is their field.

5. In addition to missionary papers, missionary items in Church papers, the missionary spirit may be encouraged if a congregation or congregations assume the support of a missionary or a whole missionary station, which, in a number of cases, has worked admirably. A little more self-imposed, systematic assistance by faithful Christians will facilitate this plan wonderfully. Also, by the support of a young man studying for the ministry at the expense of some wealthy and benevolent individual, for the express purpose of doing missionary work, at least for a number of years.

Finally, it is high time to disabuse missionary circles of the idea, which is tenaciously transmitted, as if every pious man, because converted, although never so ungifted, may be employed as a missionary! This mistake has wrought incalculable mischief and injury to the cause of missions, which requires the best material the society of young men affords! We need not only a larger number, but more intelligent and efficient missionaries, more self-denying men, by whose walk and conversation Christ is preached more powerfully than by their word of mouth! Livingstone asks, in view of the old prejudice against missionaries' high order of education, whether an army in time of peace requires better tactics than in time of war? Missionaries are holy warriors, and their work is holy warfare. Indeed, we ought to use the best means, nor mediocre, nor conquering the world; men not only of faith and self-denial, of courage and humility, but also men of ready speech, ability to organize, and adaptability to varied circumstances, which may never be required of the settled pastor. But such seldom offer their services to our boards, and hence the inefficiency of the missionary work in many cases. Let our theological seminary make efficient missionaries of all its students, and we shall not lack for want of proper men, or efficiency in the great work of Christian missions in the world!

F. F.

WE HAVE A REFORMED CHURCH AT EMPORIA, KANSAS.

This is, no doubt, cheering news to the Church at large. And so it should be, though the work is but in its incipency. Much has been said and written of late about what the Reformed Church should do respecting missions at home and abroad, nor has it been all in vain. A missionary in the foreign field is not the only object accomplished thereby, but at home we are persuaded daily of better things awaiting those craving the gospel. The Macedonian cry is being heard and answered encouragingly, though patience may become irritated at times. Where help is needed the Church says let it be granted, and to this responses come, though not as hastily as may be expected.

We have eagerly been watching our enterprise at Emporia ever since the appointment and moving thither of our missionary, the Rev. J. G. Shoemaker, to take charge of it, and the promising feature about it has always challenged our fidelity. We highly appreciate the wisdom of the Board in their selection of an individual from our ministerial ranks so well fitted to assume the responsibility, and nothing, as yet, has led us to think otherwise. This, however, is not all that is required. As might be expected, the membership constituting the little flock, thirty-one in number, is not so circumstanced as to be at once conveniently fixed and settled, and be self-sustaining. They are neither able, of their own accord, to erect and finish a magnificent temple, nor even an ordinary house of worship. Yet force of necessity leaves for them no other alternative than to build. What places of worship have thus far been secured furnish no permanent home, and prove to be very inconvenient, even disagreeable. The question of building a church was soon disposed of, as far as the actual work of putting up and framing together the needed material is concerned, but the question as to who should furnish the material, or the means to purchase it, seemed to be a more difficult one.

The members agreed to undertake the former, but who will see to the latter so as to avoid the unpleasant and dangerous necessity of contracting a church debt? In such seasons of perplexity we always look for a repeated evidence of that truthful saying, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." For, instinctively, as it were this people looked back to their friends in the East for aid, believing that a reasonable appeal would not be passed over unconcernedly. By judiciously considering the various appeals made of a similar character, the Board saw fit to divide the Church in the East into sections, which might be canvassed for the desired purposes in view. Thus the Pacific Coast has its territory, Florida has another, and so has Kansas a territory composed principally of Centre county. Having obtained permission to this effect the missionary of Emporia came East to collect the thousand or more dollars needed to purchase the material for a Reformed church at that place.

That the people responded cheerfully and handsomely, after the wants and wishes had become known, may be known from the fact that after finishing Penn's and Brush Valleys seven hundred of the thousand dollars had already been raised, including, however, about one hundred dollars which had been secured before the beginning of the work of canvassing in Centre Co. To many it was no small sacrifice to subscribe what they really did. Others, it is true, might have done much better, but considering all things involved it will no doubt be encouraging news to the little flock at Emporia and to the Church in general that the difficulty is being so successfully met. It would seem that the much talked of "thank-offering" which our Church feels that it owes, because of its recent enjoyment of peace, is thus being spontaneously complied with. And the churches of Centre County and those uniting with them in the good cause are rearing a monument more enduring than "marble or granite" at Emporia as their portion of that offering and trust that the same Spirit who has brought peace upon our beloved Zion likewise actuates them in making this contribution towards its extension.

That we may all confide more readily in the future prosperity of this new enterprise, let us predict by way of comparison what we may hopefully expect to develop from this nucleus of the Reformed Church in Kansas. Those who remember the facts entering into the history of the Pittsburg Synod may be the more ready to admit the plausibility of our prediction. If we remember correctly there are two heroes of the Reformed faith, Hacke

and Russell, to whom our Church is chiefly indebted for laying the foundation of that ecclesiastical body, which now covers a large territory and possesses a faithful and devoted membership. A similar appeal for aid was then made to the Churches here in the East, which has since come back to them in a four-fold manner. What the Church has done once, she can do again, provided the needed Divine help is not denied her.

Why should we hesitate, then, to place the same confidence in a parallel state of affairs in the promising State of Kansas or refuse to believe that of the good seed now sown there the Church will reap rich harvests in the near future? Of the constant influx of emigrants from other states a great portion belongs to the membership of our Church. These desire a spiritual home no less than an earthly one, and unless it is afforded them by their own they are forced to the unpleasant necessity of finding some other denomination. But the hopeful mission at Emporia once firmly established, will doubtless soon show signs of vigor and growth, and its central position will then crystallize the whole Reformed element of that section of country, even as a like process was realized in Western Pennsylvania. **

General News.

DOMESTIC.

Heavy snow-storms have prevailed at the North.

Destructive fires have occurred at Portland, Me., Keene, N. H., and near Petersburg, Va.

It now appears that no one was killed by the accident at Lincoln, Lancaster Co., although several persons were seriously injured.

Archbishop Wood has issued a paper warning Roman Catholics to keep aloof from the Ancient Order of Hibernians and all other secret societies.

Heavy gales have been experienced on the Atlantic, and fears were entertained for vessels at sea. The Switzerland, of the Red Star Line, was twenty-four days in coming from Antwerp, and her safe arrival at this port caused great joy.

The Penna. R. R. Co. has advanced the compensation of all the officers and employees of the company to that paid prior to June 1, 1877, to go into effect on and after 1st of April. This is equal to a larger amount than an advance of 10 per cent. would be upon present salaries in most cases.

Washington, March 24.—Secretary Sherman has directed the Assistant Treasurer at New York to purchase for the sinking fund \$2,000,000 of bonds at the lowest rates offered. The receipts in excess of expenditures and proportion of interest this month, so far, are \$8,631,000. The amount of bonds purchased this month is \$8,000,000, the premium to be added.

FOREIGN.

Paris, March 24.—At the Angers Cathedral on Sunday last, at the close of the Lenten sermons, the *Curs* protested against the violent attacks of the priest, a Jesuit, on modern society and the republic. The incident created some stir.

The English Parliament was prorogued on the 24th inst., and a new election has been ordered. The Queen made a speech through the Lord High Chancellor. Her Majesty says that her foreign relations are favorable to the maintenance of peace in Europe, and expresses confidence in the speedy settlement of affairs in Afghanistan. Referring to the measures for the relief of distress in Ireland, she says she trusts they will be accepted by her Irish subjects as proof of the ready sympathy of the Imperial Parliament. Concerning the commercial and industrial depression, her Majesty rejoices in the present signs of general improvement.

Married.

On the 18th of March, at the Reformed parsonage, by Rev. B. F. Ferer, of Pleasant Unity, Mr. Adam W. Bair, of Pleasant Unity, to Miss Eliza J. Johnson, of Lycopius, both of Westmoreland Co., Pa.

Obituaries.

Departed this life at Lancaster, Pa., Feby. 24th, 1880, Sarah Riegle, aged 90 years, 9 months and 23 days.

The subject of the above notice was born in Bucks Co., Pa., May 1st, 1789. When about fourteen years of age she entered the family of Rev. John Henry Hoffmeier; and with Father Hoffmeier and his family removed to Lancaster, Pa., in the year 1806. At the early age of sixteen she consecrated her heart by faith to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ, and was received by the solemn laying on of hands in the rite of confirmation into full communion with the Reformed Church. For upwards of seventy-four years she was a faithful and consistent follower of the blessed Redeemer, and at a ripe old age fell asleep in Jesus, to rest in hope of a blessed resurrection unto eternal life.

For the Christian qualities of her heart and life she was greatly beloved in the family in which she so long resided, in the congregation of which she continued a devoted member to the end of her earthly pilgrimage, and amid a large circle of warm friends. May they all follow her faith, that at death they may enter into her joy! "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth." P.

DIED.—March 8th, 1880, near New Athens, Mrs. Elizabeth C., wife of Adam Shoup, aged 41 years and 24 days.

Mrs. Shoup was a devoted Christian wife and mother. She was modest and retiring in her manner, but untiring and persevering in her efforts to promote the welfare of others. She was an active Christian, and a devoted member of the Reformed church. Having united with it in early youth, she earnestly strove to keep her vows sacred to the end. And, though cut down suddenly almost without any warning whatever by the reaper death, her sad and bereaved husband and children can still exclaim: "But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." E.

DIED.—In Rimersburg, Clarion Co., Pa., Miss Emma M. Steltzer, aged 17 years, 4 months and 17 days.

DIED.—At the residence of her daughter in Tennessee, on the 8th of December, 1879, Mrs. Rhoda Shuford, mother of the Rev. M. L. Shuford, of Burkettsville, Md., in the 87th year of her age.

DIED.—At Toledo, Ohio, March 5th, in the 78th year of her age, Elizabeth, wife of Jacob Looos and sister of Elder P. K., and Dr. D. Zacharias, all deceased. She lived in faith and sleeps in Jesus.

DIED.—In Martinsburg, Blair Co., Pa., on Feby. 24th, 1880, Mrs. Susan Brumbaugh, in the 81st year of her age.

"Aunt Susie," as she was familiarly called by everybody, was in her day and generation a woman known and loved by all. She was always found at the bedside of the sick and dying, ministering to their every want. She early in life became a member

of the Reformed Church, to which she remained faithful unto death. No service of God's house was missed by her, when the weather and her health permitted her to be present, and we trust she has gone to receive her crown.

She was buried on the 26th of Feby., her remains being followed to the grave by a large concourse of people. Her pastor improved the occasion in a sermon, based on the words of the blessed Saviour as recorded by St. Matt. 24: 44, "Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

The pastor was assisted in the services by the other resident Reformed ministers, Rev. F. A. Ruppel, pastor of Clover Creek congregation, and Rev. Simon Wolff, pastor of Hickory Bottom church. J. D. M.

DIED.—On the 22nd inst., in Reading, Pa., Katie, infant daughter of Rev. H. and Sarah E. P. Mosser, aged 1 year, 1 month and 6 days.

The funeral services took place on the 24th, at which the Reformed pastors of Reading officiated. The remains were taken to Myerstown, where Dr. G. Wolff performed the solemn rite of burial.

John F. Gerhart, who died at New Goshenhoppen, on the 6th inst., in the 70th year of his age, was, in many respects, a remarkable man. He went to the place with Rev. Dr. Weiser, Sr., father of Dr. C. Z. Weiser, in 1834, and survived him about five years. He was closely identified with the congregation as chorister and organist for forty-five years, and was teacher of the Parochial School until the Free School system was adopted. He was also superintendent of the Sunday-School for a long time. Besides this, he was a reader of the Church papers, and wonderfully interested in the general movements of our Reformed Zion. His acquaintance with the ministers was extended, and many will remember his hospitality. And then, too, he was an "Old Mortality," engraving tombstones, and it is said he erected 1375 memorials over the graves of beloved ones. Of course, such a character will be greatly missed. Well done, good and faithful servant! His son succeeds him.

Acknowledgments.

PACIFIC COAST MISSIONS.

Westminster, Md.—Rev J G Noss, pd, \$5.00; Peter B Mikesell, 1.00; Hon. Reifsnider, 1.00. Baltimore, Md.—Hon G S Griffith, pd, 10.00; Mr E Roelkey, 10.00; Rev M Bachman's, St Paul's German Ch, col., 6.00; Elder August Gotthardt, 5.00; Rev J C Hansen's Immanuel German Ch, col., 16.00. Philadelphia, Pa.—"A good friend" of Rev Jacob Dahlmann's German Church, cash, 10.00; subscription, 12.00; Heidelberg Ref (Rev J Good's), Ch col., 10.00; Salem Sunday-School Society, Dr. Wiehle, pastor, \$20.00; Dr and Mrs Wiehle, \$10.00. Rev F. Fox.

BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

Read of Rev W H Haas, from Rebersburg, charge, Pa, for Beneficiary Education, \$8 36 S. R. FISKEE, Treas.

ST. PAUL'S ORPHAN HOME, BUTLER, PA.

Rec'd from S S's Pleasant Unity chg, Rev B Ferer, \$15 00 S S New Stanton, Pa, Rev I W Love, 1 40 " Cavetown, Md, Rev I W Santee, D D, 6 10 " Birmingham, Erie Co., O, Rev H A Schwichtenberg, 1 65 St Thomas' S S near Elderton, Pa., Rev W H Diefenderfer, 2 75 St Paul's cong, Adams, Pa, Rev C Gumbert, 7 68 Beam's cong, 2 79 Rhoad's Point cong, 1 68 Calvary cong, 1 46 Davidsville cong, 2 07 B. WOLFF, Jr., Treas. Pittsburgh, Pa.

HOME MISSIONS.

From Anonymous, "Easter Offering," per Rev S R Fisher, \$1 00 W. H. SEIBERT, Treas.

LETTER LIST.

Anders, Rev W S, Ault, Rev J, Albright, D B, Binkley, H K, (4), Bartholomew, Rev A, Badger, J, Butz, J H, Bates, Rev W H, Bleim, Mrs, Baugher, D E, Bacon, J D. Carr, A, Clemens, Rev J M, Coughenour, A B, Crum, M L, Clouser, Rev W W, Cromley, P F, Crawford, Rev J. Daniel, G B, (2), Daniel, Rev H, Dittmar, Rev D N, Durst, J S, Diefenbacher, Rev D S, Diehl, A K, Ditzler, D, Doll, C W, (2), Deardorf, G W, Deatrick, Rev W H R, Diefenbacher, Rev C R, Donat, W D. Eschbach, Rev E B, (2), Evans, Rev L K, Eyerly, A J, (2), Eisenhart, D, Everhard, G F, Edmunds, Rev F Feather, T, Faus, C, Fior, I L, Fritzinger, Rev J Grant, Rev J, (2), Gurley, Rev G D, Geist, J S. Heilmann, Rev C U, Hartzell, C, Hoyt & Co, Houts, Rev A, Hoffman, I R, Herbst, C H, Hoffman, J M, Huber, Rev S M K, (2), Hager, J, Hoffmeier, Rev H W, (4), Heagy, W, Hollenbaugh, Rev J F, Herbst, P C, Heller, Rev A J, Hassler, Rev J, Hartman, W F. Johnson, Rev J O, (2), Jacobs, W J. Kline, S A, (2), Kimler, A C, Kline, N L R, Koons, S, Koehner, C D. Leisenring, Trexler & Co, Leinbach, Rev J B, Lielhiter, J H, Loux, L, Long, Rev S C, Long, Rev H F, Leinbach, Rev A S, Leinbach, Rev T C, Lightner, W L, Loos, Rev I K, Leinbach, Rev Dr G H. Mast, J, Mauger, Rev S B, Puth, R B, Miller, D, (2), Miller, Rev J D, Miller, J, Meyer, H L, Metz, A, Monroe, Miss S M, Mickle, Rev J M. Newcomer, G, Noss, Rev J G, (2). Patterson, Mrs A E, Peightel, Rev J N, Pilger Buchhandlung. Reber, G S. Schick, G, Snyder, Rev J F, Stauffer, P F, Snyder, W W, Steiner, Gen J A, Shriver, L E, (2), Shulenberger, Rev A, Stiles, C H, Schmidt, A M, (2), Schick, Rev J M, Santee, Rev J W, Scheffey, A M, Slough, T. Warner, W, Wolbach, Rev J, Wescoe, W C, Wagner, S G, Willard, I, Wagner, W, Wilkey, W B, Weaver, S S, Wagner, Rev J S. Zieher, Rev W K, Zell, W S.

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, March 27th, 1880. [The prices here given are wholesale.] FLOUR. Wheat, Superfine..... \$ 4.00@4.50 " Extra Family..... 5.75@6.62 " Fancy..... 7.50@8.50 Rye..... 4.75@4.87 Corn meal..... 2.45@3.12 Buckwheat meal per 100lbs..... 1.60@2.00 GRAIN. Wheat, White..... 1.44@1.45 " Red..... 1.40@1.41 Rye..... 88@89 Corn, Yellow..... 55@56 " White..... 55@57 Oats..... 47@48 Barley two rowed..... 65@73 Barley malt two rowed..... 80@99 GROceries. Sugar, Cuba..... 72@72 " Refined cut loaf..... 92@100 " " crushed..... 92@93 " " powdered..... 92@93 " " granulated..... 91@92 " " A..... 91@92 Coffee, Rio, gold..... 9@15 " Maracaibo, gold..... 16@18 " Laguayra, gold..... 14@16 " Java, gold..... 25@26 PROVISIONS. Mess Pork..... 12.62@12.75 Dried Beef..... 12@13 Sugar cured Hams..... 92@102 Lard..... 7@72 Butter, Roll extra..... 26@27 " Roll Common..... 14@16 " Prints, extra..... 35@40 " " Common..... 22@26 " Grease..... 6@7 Eggs..... 13@14 SEEDS. Clover, per 100lbs..... 7.00@7.14 Timothy, per bushel..... 3.12@3.25 Flax " "..... 1.75@1.80 PLASTER. White..... 3.20@3.25 Blue..... 2.50@3.05

Youth's Department.

BUT NOW IS CHRIST RISEN.*

"If in this life ONLY we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable" (1 Cor. xv. 19). The Easter bells were chiming, "Christ is risen;" The children understand The sweet occasion, and they went rejoicing With lilies close in hand—
The lilies' dewy grace
On every childish face.

The bells were chiming sweetly, "Christ is risen." From the soul's inner shrine The light shone over care-worn, aged faces, And softened each hard line.
The Grandame spake out clear,
"My Easter Morn is near!"

The Easter morning broke on the pure eyes Of children; just as well It came athro' the grated window, to The prisoner in his cell.
"Christ comes to even me,
He sets the prisoner free!"—
One spake thro' silence of corridor.
Yea, free from sin we said,
And then we left our flowers to speak for us,
And went with a hushed tread.
The prisoner said "Amen,
Our Christ is risen again!"

But who is this who will not come at all
Out to the sun-flecked moss?"
Who will not pick one sweet blue violet
To hide Christ's rough brown cross?
Who will not sing with us
Who are joy-tremulous?

Oh, "miserable" indeed! Christ is not risen
To this unbelieving soul!
Oh, pray for him! th' Easter lilies' rising
To him have never told—
"Who doth so close the flower
Hath over death the power."

The Christ is risen indeed! The Easter morn
Stole thro' the corridor
Of the dark prison, and the night of fear
To the sin-stained is o'er—
Tho' prison light be dim,
Ye need not pray for him:

But pray with dew of pity in your eyes
For him who shuts away
The light of joy; who will not believe at all
Christ rolls the stone this day—
He rolls the stone of dread
From off our sleeping dead.

Oh, "miserable" indeed! who will not see
With faith-pure, love-lit eyes,
Christ walk the earth, and all around His feet.
The dead in Him arise!
Christ's Easter lilies THEN,
The pure, white souls of men.
* 1 Cor. xv. 20.

—Adelaide Stout.

KEEPS.

BY MRS. L. A. B. STEELE.

In a group of boys playing marbles on hard-trodden earth, in front of a village school-house, many years ago, we might have seen Peter, keen-eyed and cunning in face, chuckling with delight at his success in winning; Eddie, much smaller than Peter, with large, innocent-looking blue eyes, brimming over with tears after having lost the first pretty toys he had ever owned in his poverty-stricken life—marbles of the most expensive kind, sent him by his aunt; and Harry, whose dark eyes were sparkling with indignation at the transaction. He had seen the blandishments used by Peter to induce Eddie to risk his precious possessions; had watched the play and noticed how close he had come to unfair dealing without actually doing anything which, according to the boyish code of rules recognized there, would have caused him to forfeit the game. And now Eddie was going away toward home, to grieve his mother's heart with the account of what he had been doing and what he was suffering for it. For Eddie felt very badly, and what else could he do but go to his mother for sympathy?

"Look at Ed," said Peter, laughingly; "if his tears could freeze into marbles, he'd have a pile of crystals now, wouldn't he?"

"Shame!" cried Harry, and some of the older boys took up the cry.

"Well," said Peter, fiercely, "I won 'em fairly, didn't I?"

"No, you didn't. 'Twasn't fair at all, to play for keeps with such a little boy."

"Well, come! any boy that wants to can win 'em back for him. Come, who wants a game?"

"There's nobody but Harry who could do it, and he won't play for keeps," said Will.

"'Twouldn't be for keeps, but for giving—pure benevolence. Come, Harry." Harry was strongly tempted; but only

that morning his father had told him never to do evil that good might come of it; and while he was hesitating he heard the supper bell ring, and walked away, feeling—if the truth must be told—very unhappy about the matter.

He talked it over with his sister afterwards, while she was washing up the tea things, and when he told her how he wanted to play a game and win the marbles back for Eddie, she replied, very soberly:

"You wouldn't have won them back."

"Why not?"

"Because your conscience wouldn't have let you. You would have thought all the time that you were disobeying your mother, and that would have made your hand unsteady."

The tempter at that moment whispered to Harry that it was troublesome to have so much conscience. It might be that his sister guessed his thoughts, for she continued, in a grave young girl's fashion:

"You see a trained conscience is an excellent thing to keep folks out of trouble. Now, I dare say, Peter will go on thinking he is so smart until he gets into some dreadful scrape; like enough into the penitentiary."

"I hope he will," said Harry.

"Well, now, you'd better hope he'll repent," said this wise sister; and then with a spice of human nature cropping out, she added:

"He ought to be shut up somewhere, this minute."

The next day was Sunday, and they all sat in the high pews of the old-fashioned church, looking up at the tall pulpit with the sounding-board over it, just as their fathers and grandfathers had looked up for generations back.

The minister stood up with a pale face that told of midnight study and prayer, and eyes bright with faith and love, and gave his people a sermon well garnished with choice texts of Scripture. Peter sat with his sharp eyes roving round the church, and once in a while looking at the minister. "Men," said the preacher, and he repeated the word with emphasis, "Men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself."

"That's what I want," thought Peter. "That's true, too." And he fingered the precious marbles in his pocket, and slyly rolled up his eyes and twisted his mouth at Eddie, who was looking sorrowfully at him, and never thought of listening to the explanation of the text, the substance of which the reader will find for himself in the forty-ninth Psalm.

Eddie, too, in spite of the longing eye with which he was regarding Peter's pocket, heard one text, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." He had been so sure of winning that game!

Harry listened to the whole sermon, partly from inclination, partly because he knew he should be required to give an account of it at home. He marked all the steps by which the preacher led on to the exhortation, to "press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," and went forth with an earnest purpose in his heart to strive for that prize.

When Eddie's aunt heard what had become of his marbles, she gave him a severe lecture, in which he was astonished to hear such a big, horrid word as gambling applied to his play, and dismayed to learn that he had broken the laws of God and man. However auntie wound up her scolding by making him promise never to play for keeps again, and then gave him a prettier set of marbles than the first ones, so that he went home not only consoled, but highly delighted.

His mother, however, thinking it safe for him to keep out of the way of temptation, would not let him carry them to school, and he had to content himself with such games as his fat-fingered little sister could help him with.

The years came and went until our boys had grown to middle age, and if we wanted to see them, we must look many miles west of the New England village where they had won and lost at marbles. In the crowded court-room of

a western city, if we looked carefully, we might have seen some lineaments belonging to the boyish faces we had known.

Harry's broad brow and dark eyes, set in a face pale and stern now, for he was on the judge's bench, and his duty to pronounce sentence on his old schoolmate. Peter stood at the bar, with a baffled look on his face, but a strong determination expressed in his keen, twinkling eye—out of which all boyish light had long ago fled—to "work out of it yet."

He had "done well for himself," and some had praised and some had blamed; but with a mistaken idea that a man who knew so well how to get and how to keep would be a good man for the place, they had given him an office of dignity and trust, and thousands of dollars had gone from the public funds and there he stood to answer for it. Broadcloth and fine linen, glossy hat, shining boots, and kid gloves, looked strangely out of place at that bar, and the contrast grew ghastly when one stood so near the prison and the striped garb of the convict. The foreman of the jury rose in his place, a broad-shouldered, full-bearded farmer, one of the most successful wheat growers in all that country, men said.

But in winning a competence from the soil, he had wronged no man; and therefore his eyes still wore the clear, open look which had characterized those of the boy Eddie.

He handed in the decision of the jury "guilty," to the clerk, and then sat down and shaded his eyes with his hand. The judge proceeded to pronounce sentence. He had long ago forgotten the unchristian wish he had uttered when a boy, that Peter might get into the penitentiary; and it was with great and genuine sorrow that he stated his reasons for inflicting upon his former schoolmate the full penalty of the law. He spoke of the years of hard and close dealing; of grinding the faces of the poor; of mortgages foreclosed just as the crops were coming in that might have paid the debt of horses replevined and taken from before the plow of the poor man; of the cow taken from the widow whose children must hence go supperless to bed; of a sick and suffering family turned from their home in mid-winter, causing death to follow; of more than one instance of fraud from the penalty of which he had escaped by some legal quibble. His whole life had been spent in looking out for himself, regardless of his neighbor, and as he had never shown mercy, he could expect none. He was sentenced to ten years at hard labor in the penitentiary; and then, after closing court, the judge made his way out of the crowd who surrounded him, all ready to testify their respect for the man whose integrity deserved it. He rode away to his own home, thinking in all humility as he went, "Who maketh thee to differ?" And he recalled with sincere thankfulness the home teaching which had constrained him to be strictly honest, even in his boyish play, and never to allow himself to engage in a fraudulent game, even though it were sanctioned by a custom.—*The Evangelist.*

DARNING.

While in my eighth year mamma and I were visiting, and to keep me quiet, I suppose, she gave me some darning to do. Auntie inspected my work and gave me what I would now think very injudicious praise. Instead of doing harm, however, it stimulated me to greater exertions, it being my desire to be worthy of the highest praise. I succeeded so well that mamma and Jenny trusted me with the most difficult bits of darning. (An example of the benefit of praising children.) I was always careful not to draw the hole smaller than it was previously; to place the needle back, giving a wide margin, and to weave the threads carefully. This is the secret of good darning. The needle should correspond with the yarn, and that again with the article to be mended. It is folly to use a needle so small that the greatest exertions are needed to draw it through. I have been darning some striped mittens, keeping

the stripe perfect. For this two needles are necessary. I put the stitches in lengthwise first, with alternate lines of white and blue. Then I filled in woof, crossing with alternate colors, being very careful to put the needle containing the white yarn over the white—and under the blue lines, and *vice versa*. It takes some time, but the result is so much more satisfactory, than would be a broad patch of solid color, that no one would regret the work, especially if the mittens are not badly worn.

WHAT A SINGLE BEAN CAN PRODUCE.

The history of a single bean accidentally planted in a garden at Southbridge, Mass., is traced by a newspaper correspondent, who figured out its produce for four years. The bean was planted in a rich, loamy soil, and when gathered in the autumn, its yield as counted, was 1515 perfectly developed beans from a single stalk. Now, if a single bean produces 1515 more, the sum total of the second year's product would be 2,295,225, equal to 1195 pounds, 597 quarts, or 2390 army rations, equal to 18 bushels. This would be the product of the second year. Now, if we plant twice more and the yield is the same, we have a product of 5,268,057,800,625 beans, equal to 1,371,890 tons, or 42,871,572 bushels, or 548,756,068 soldiers' rations. This fourth planting would give the steamship Great Western 92 full freights.

THE SWAN AND THE COOK.

A Paraphrase.

There were birds of every feather
Living sumptuously together
In a poultry yard of old.
Of the swan, the eye's great pleasure,
And the goose, a kitchen treasure,
This story we are told.

The aquatics were rivals
In many things, mere trifles,
Which disturbed their peace of mind.
Of their plumage which was whiter,
On the water which sat lighter,
They to settle ne'er could find.

The cook, quite tipsy, trying
To catch goose one day, espying
Now the swan, took him instead;
And the bird well knew the meaning
Of the knife so brightly gleaming
In the air above his head.

His death-song sweet he singeth:
Cook, amazed, the knife down flingeth,
Crying, "What! make soup of thee!
No! no! Hand of mine shall never
Thy fair throat and body sever.
Saved thou art by melody!"

Foes oft surround our earthly path:
Sweet words may turn away their wrath.
—Churchman.

NIGHT LIFE OF YOUNG MEN.

One night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day forever empty. Night is sin's harvesting time. More sin and crime are committed in one night than in all the days of the week. This is more emphatically true of the city than of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers, with torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either sidewalk; the gay-colored transparencies are ablaze with attractions; the saloon and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantment; the gay company begin to gather to the haunts and houses of pleasure; the gambling dens are aflame with palatial splendor; the theatres are wide open; the mills of destruction are grinding health, honor, happiness, hope out of thousands of lives. The city under the gaslight is not the same as under God's sunlight. The allurements and perils and pitfalls of night are a hundred-fold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose depths and abysses and whirlpools make us start back with horror. All night long tears are falling, blood is streaming.

Young men, tell me how, and where you spend your evenings, and I will write out the chart of your character and final destiny, with blanks to insert your names. It seems to me an appropriate text would be, "Watchman, what of the night?" Policeman, pacing thy beat, what of the night? What are the young men of the city doing at night? Where do they spend their evenings? Who

are their associates? What are their habits? Where do they go in, and what time do you see them come out? Policemen, would the night life of young men commend them to the confidence of their employers? Would it be to their credit?

Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in the morning paper the names of all the young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the street for sinful pleasure. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare to go to their places of business; some would not return home at night; some would leave the city; some would commit suicide. Remember, young men, that in the retina of the all-seeing Eye there is nothing hid but shall be revealed on the last day.

THE CAMEL AND THE MILLER.

Did you ever hear the fable of the camel and the miller? One night a miller was waked up by his camel trying to get its nose into the tent. "It's very cold out here," said the camel. The miller made no objection. After a while the camel asked leave to have his neck in, then his fore feet; and so, little by little, it crowded in its whole body. This, as you may well think, was very disagreeable to the miller, and he bitterly complained to the forth-putting beast. "If you don't like it, you may go," answered the camel. "As for me, I've got possession, and I shall stay. You can't get rid of me now." Do you know what the camel is like? Bad habits; little sins. Guard against the first approaches, the most plausible excuses, only the nose of sin. If you do not, you are in danger. It will surely edge itself slowly in, and you are overpowered before you know it. Be on your guard. Watch.

Pleasantries.

Teacher.—"Which of you can mention three animals that live in Africa?" Johnny.—"I can." Teacher.—"Well, let's hear." Johnny.—"Two monkeys and a parrot."

A young lady, just home from boarding-school, on being told by the servant that they had no gooseberries, exclaimed: "Why, what has happened to the goose?"

Two raw Highlanders, Donald and Dugald, are walking along a street in St. Mungo, when they come on a water-cart. "Hi!" shouts Dugald to the driver, "hi! you're losing all your water!" Then Donald comes in. "Oh, Dugald, Dugald, dinna show your ignorance. The water is meant to keep boys from riding on the back of the cart!"

An editor has his office and residence connected by telephone. Yesterday Mr. Skidd, an old friend, called on the editor and expected to remain for dinner. The editor hurried to the telephone and shouted to his wife, "Mr. Skidd will be up with me for dinner, lay an extra plate." "Now," said the editor, "Mr. Skidd you can converse with her." As the gentleman was about to approach the instrument, these words were plainly heard: "You tell Mr. Skidd we don't keep a hotel on wash day." Mr. Skidd was last seen eating fried clams in the saloon around the corner.

The other day a small boy arrived in Detroit from Eaton County, with a view of becoming a bootblack and a gamin. They called him a "hard nut," out there, but yet he was a very innocent lad compared with the post-office gang. The boys here received him kindly, posted him as well as they could, and yesterday morning he was found in Moffat's alley as white as a sheet, and looking like death on a pale horse.

"You've been trying to learn to chew tobacco, have you?" asked the officer who discovered him.

"I only c-chewed up one plug," replied the lad, as his teeth knocked together. "I think what ails me is the smell of these brick buildings, and the sight of so much sidewalk. I wish I was b-back on the farm!"—*Free Press.*

Religious Intelligence.

Home.

The Winebrennians + Baptist or Anabaptist sect, founded 1850, otherwise known as the Church of God, have divided on the subject of secret societies.

In the Congressional House at Boston there are 20,000 volumes and 100,000 manuscripts pertaining to the history and theology of Congregationalism. It perhaps is not generally known that this building stands on the spot where the first stone house in Boston was built 217 years ago.

No church, apparently, could more carefully preserve the even tenor of its way than the Moravian has done during the past year. Its membership is 16,280, and the increase in 1879 was only 2. There are 8,820 Sunday-school scholars in the denomination, and 1,032 Sunday-school teachers. The increase of teachers for the year was 9.

Bishop Corrigan, of New Jersey, has issued a circular recommending the formation of debt-paying societies throughout the diocese for the purpose of liquidating the debts of the various churches. The total debt of the Church in the State he gives as \$1,000,000. For these societies he advises a system of monthly payments instead of fairs and festivals.

There are now in Chicago 213 churches, besides 20 mission chapels, and 11 Adventist and Spiritualist societies. After the fire of 1871 only one church remained standing in the city. Of the 213 churches the Catholics have the largest number, 34. The Baptists are next with 24. Then come the Evangelical Lutherans with 24, the Methodists with 19, the Presbyterians 18, and the Episcopalians, Congregationalists and Hebrews, each with 10.

Many American Protestants have disapproved of sending money to the relief of Ireland on the ground that, while the people are starving, contributions in large sums are still sent to Rome. There is no reason to doubt that money has been sent to Rome from Ireland very recently. A fortnight ago a Roman church paper announced that £400 had been received from the Bishop of Kilmore and that a further sum of £450 had come from the Archbishop of Armagh, both contributions being Irish remittance to Peter's Pence. The *Aurora* says of them: "Behold 24,000f.; the Irish, while suffering from the most terrible starvation, have yet found means of giving the Supreme Pontiff."

Abroad.

The Bulgarian Bishops will hold a Synod at Tirnova in May to decide whether it is desirable to unite the Bulgarian Church with the Russian Church.

Protestantism in Spain is to have a Review, to be published at Madrid by Pastor Fliedner, under the title "Revista Christiana, Periodica, Cientifica, Religiosa." A society in London will provide for the expenses of the undertaking.

The Salvation Army has considerable strength in Great Britain. It has an annual income of nearly \$100,000, and its organization includes 120 corps, 180 officers and 3,256 speakers. It holds 50,000 meetings in the course of a year, in 143 theatres and music halls, besides about 40,000 open-air meetings. One estimate of the aggregate of the audiences places it at 2,000,000 persons.

During the past year the National Bible Society of Scotland issued 415,933 publications, of which 294,515 were Bibles and New Testaments. This circulation was surpassed only in the war years, 1870, 1871, and 1878. During the year the first edition of the Scriptures in Gaelic was published. Colporteurs to the number of 250 were aided or maintained in thirteen European countries and in India, China, Japan, and Brazil.

During the past year a Chinese church has been organized at Honolulu, and about thirty Chinamen were present at a recent celebration of the Lord's Supper. Arrangements are already making for the building of a church. A lot costing \$4,500 has been purchased. Several Chinamen have subscribed sums ranging from \$50 to \$500. About 3,000 Chinese have gone to Honolulu during the past year, making a total Chinese population on the island of 8,000.

The Bishop of Chichester is holding a series of special services in Brighton, England. A pastoral was issued calling for a special and united effort to counteract the prevalent "frivolity and worldliness in the upper classes" and the "gross immorality in the lower classes" of the population in that town. In response to this letter twenty churches, including both ritualistic and evangelical churches, arranged for special services and invited prominent clergymen to their assistance.

THE REVISION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.—The revisers of the Authorized Version of the New Testament held their ninety-sixth session on February 24th in the Jerusalem chamber, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol presiding. There were also present the Deans of Rochester, Lincoln, and Lichfield; Archdeacons Lee and Palmer, Canon Westcott, Principal Newth, Professor Hort, Dr. Vance Smith, and Prebendaries Humphry and Scrivener—twelve members in all. They were engaged in the consideration of the proposals of the American committee on the second revision of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The session continued seven hours.

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Time Table, in Effect Mch. 15th, 1880.

UP TRAINS.					
Lve. Harrisburg, 8:00 A. M.	1:35	P. M.	4:00	P. M.	8:45
Ar. Carlisle, 9:00	2:35		5:30		9:45
" Chambersburg, 10:30	4:00		6:45		11:00
Hagerstown, 11:30	5:00				
" Martinsburg, 12:30 P. M.	6:20				
* Leaves Philadelphia 5:30 P. M.					
DOWN TRAINS.					
Lve. Martinsburg, 6:30 A. M.			8:30	P. M.	
" Hagerstown, 8:00			3:30		
" Chambersburg, 9:30 A. M.	9:00		1:00	P. M.	4:35
" Carlisle, 5:45	10:20		2:30		6:00
Ar. Harrisburg, 6:45	11:20		3:30		7:00
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ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 435c.; VALUE \$8 35.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 445c.; VALUE \$8 55.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 455c.; VALUE \$8 75.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 465c.; VALUE \$8 95.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 475c.; VALUE \$9 15.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 485c.; VALUE \$9 35.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 495c.; VALUE \$9 55.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 505c.; VALUE \$9 75.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 515c.; VALUE \$9 95.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 525c.; VALUE \$10 15.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 535c.; VALUE \$10 35.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 545c.; VALUE \$10 55.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 555c.; VALUE \$10 75.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 565c.; VALUE \$10 95.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 575c.; VALUE \$11 15.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 585c.; VALUE \$11 35.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 595c.; VALUE \$11 55.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 605c.; VALUE \$11 75.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 615c.; VALUE \$11 95.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 625c.; VALUE \$12 15.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 635c.; VALUE \$12 35.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 645c.; VALUE \$12 55.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 655c.; VALUE \$12 75.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 665c.; VALUE \$12 95.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 675c.; VALUE \$13 15.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 685c.; VALUE \$13 35.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 695c.; VALUE \$13 55.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 705c.; VALUE \$13 75.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 715c.; VALUE \$13 95.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 725c.; VALUE \$14 15.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 735c.; VALUE \$14 35.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 745c.; VALUE \$14 55.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 755c.; VALUE \$14 75.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 765c.; VALUE \$14 95.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 775c.; VALUE \$15 15.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 785c.; VALUE \$15 35.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 795c.; VALUE \$15 55.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 805c.; VALUE \$15 75.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 815c.; VALUE \$15 95.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 825c.; VALUE \$16 15.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 835c.; VALUE \$16 35.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 845c.; VALUE \$16 55.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 855c.; VALUE \$16 75.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 865c.; VALUE \$16 95.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 875c.; VALUE \$17 15.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 885c.; VALUE \$17 35.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 895c.; VALUE \$17 55.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 905c.; VALUE \$17 75.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 915c.; VALUE \$17 95.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 925c.; VALUE \$18 15.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 935c.; VALUE \$18 35.

ONE LOT OF BLACK SATIN DE LYON, 945c.; VALUE \$18 55.